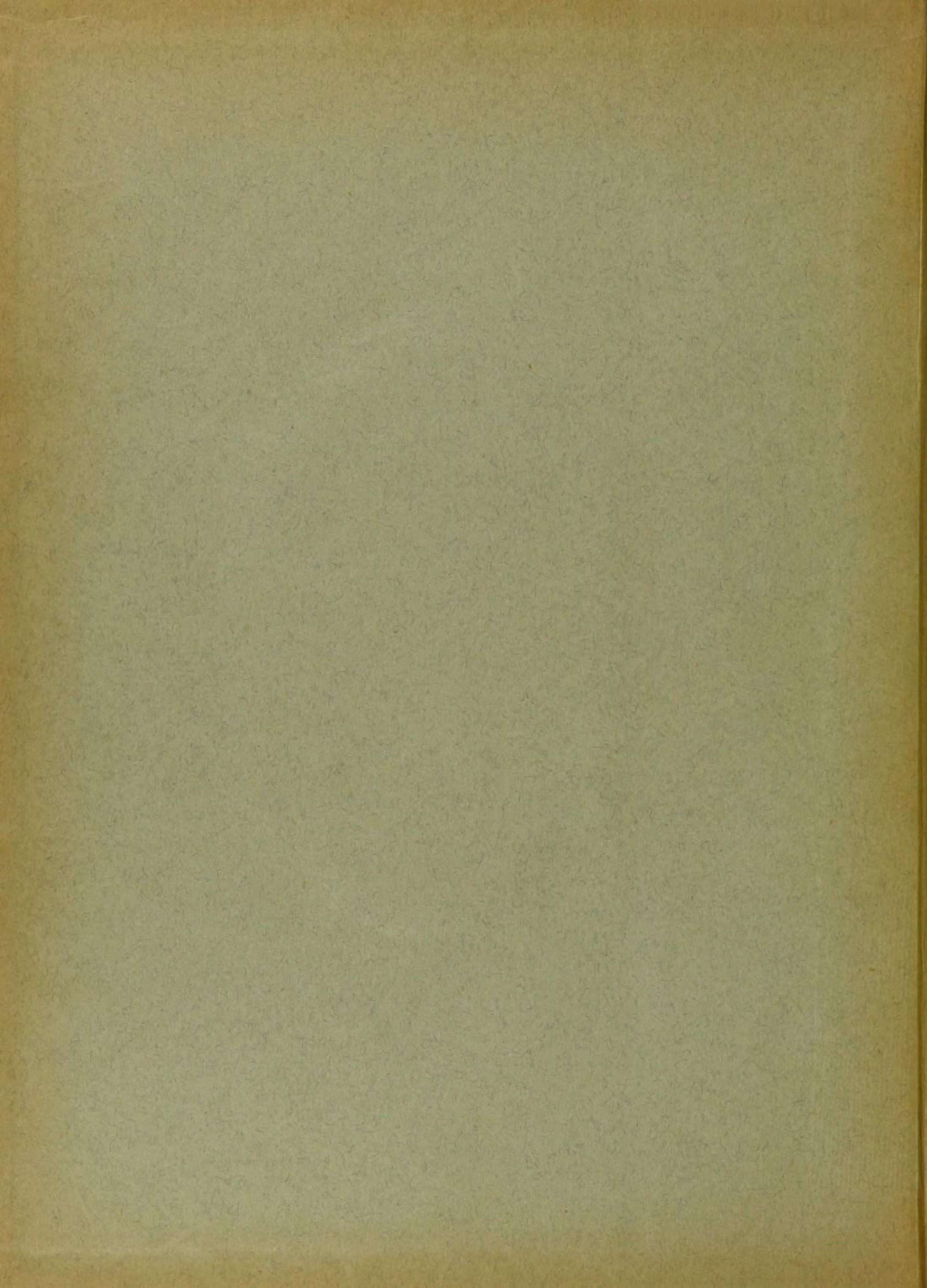


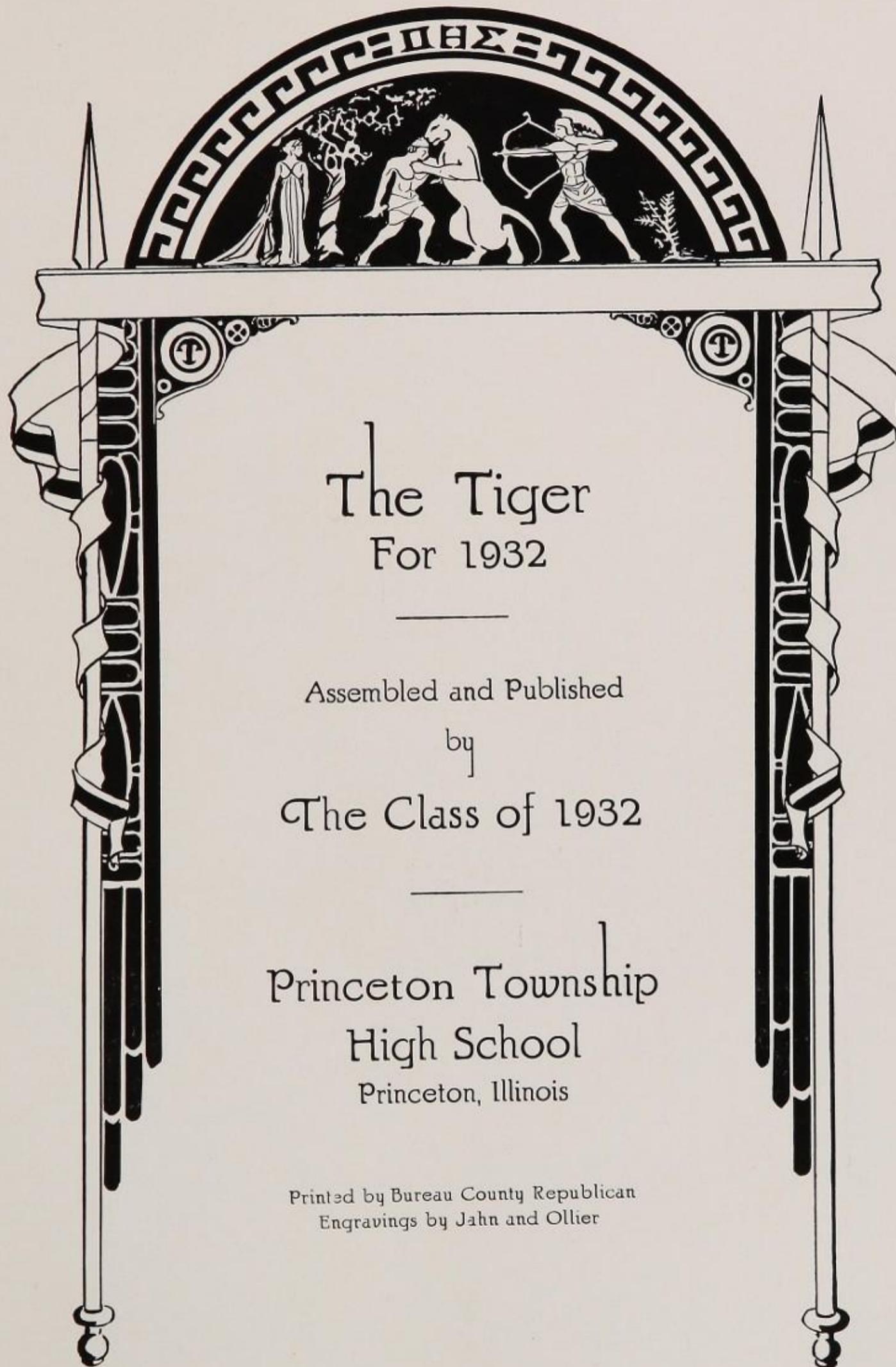
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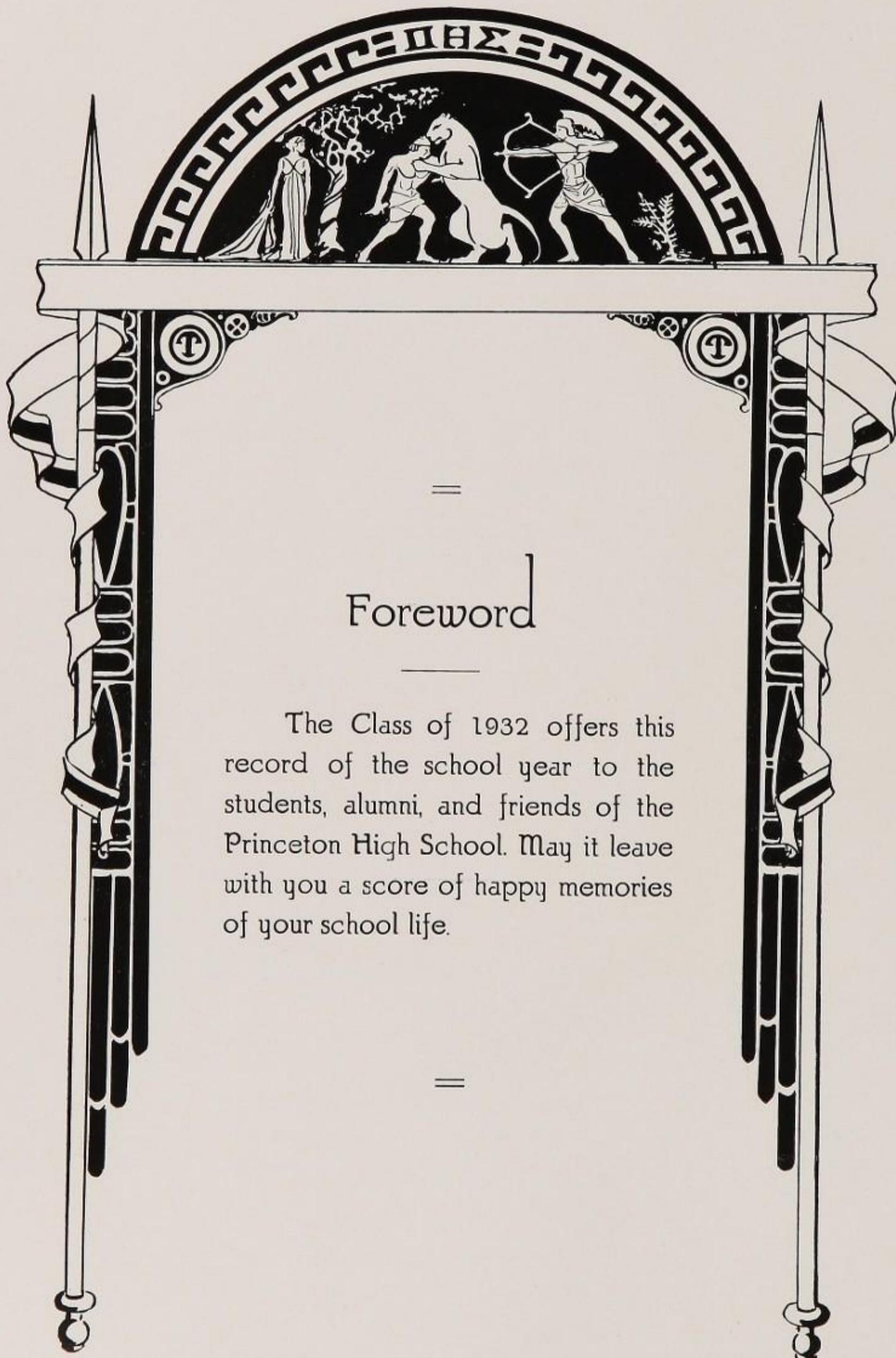
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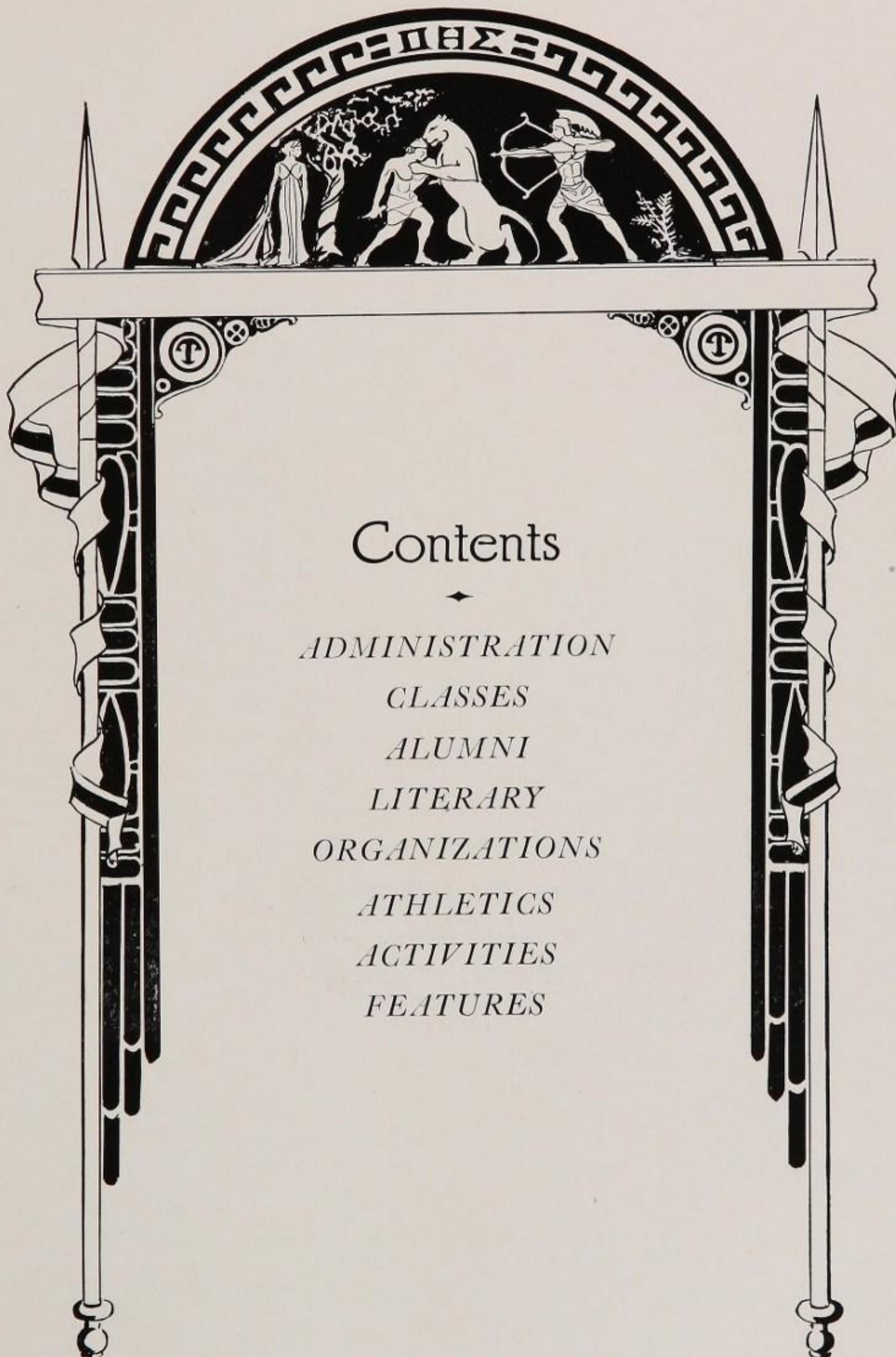


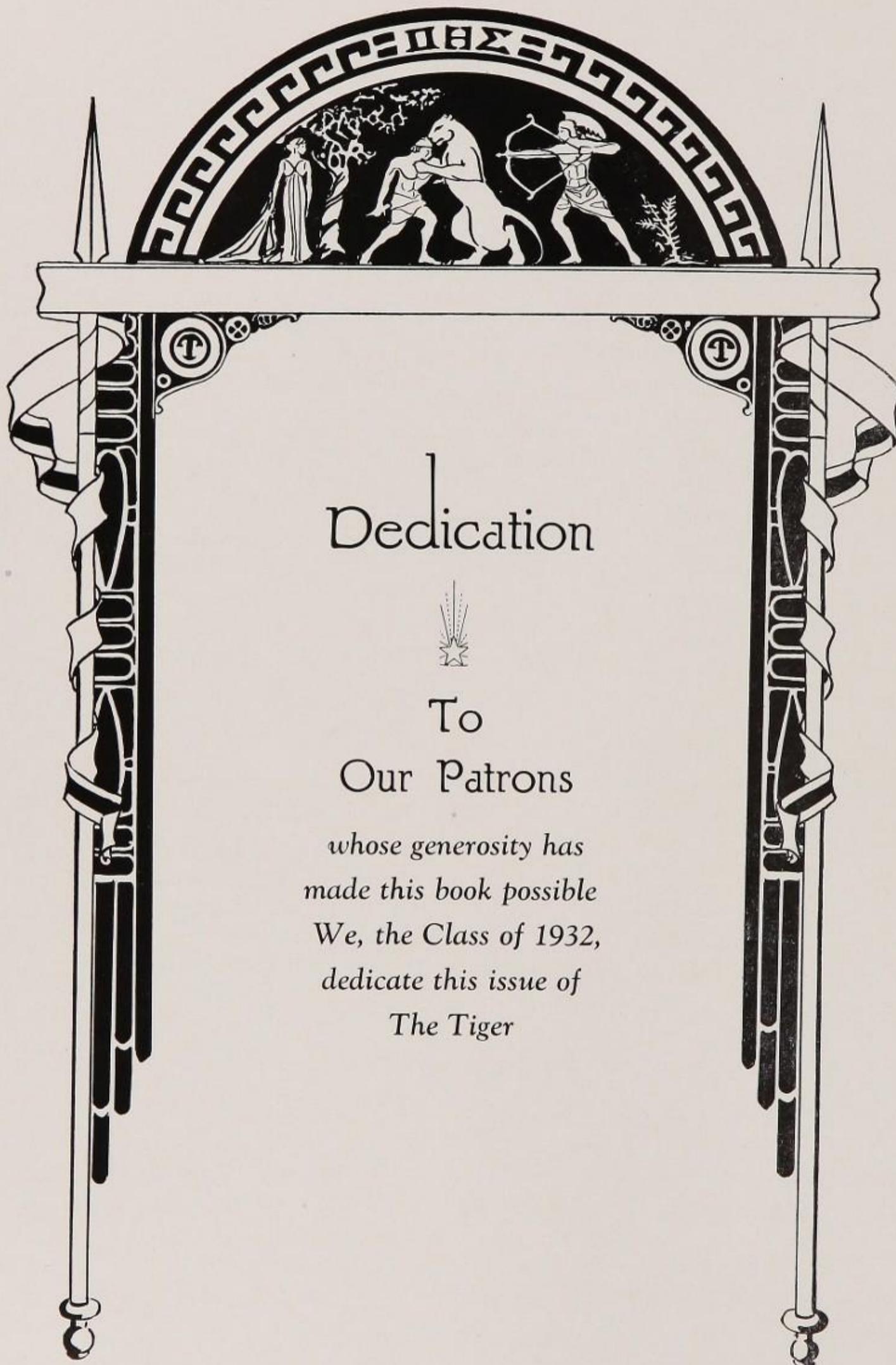


Printed by Bureau County Republican
Engravings by Jahn and Ollier



The Class of 1932 offers this record of the school year to the students, alumni, and friends of the Princeton High School. May it leave with you a score of happy memories of your school life.





*whose generosity has
made this book possible
We, the Class of 1932,
dedicate this issue of*

The Tiger



THE TIGER

Patrons

Citizens First National Bank

First State Bank

A. R. Parker

Cairo A. and Perry D. Trimble

Priestley Hardware Co.

Apollo Theatre

Bureau County Republican

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Alma Magnuson Dress Shop
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Beth Russell Beauty Shop
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Washburn Variety Store
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L. A. Zearing
Larkin Stores
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S. L. Bradley & Sons
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Dr. A. B. Troupa
Hayes Restaurant
United Cigar Store
Walgreen Drug Store
Claude Brown
Horace and Merville Brown
Ben Franklin Chain Store
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Princeton Dry Cleaners
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Dr. Harry D. Steele
Swanson's Sanitary Market
Lee Huffstodt's Service Station
Princeton Quality Bake Shop
Lenihan Super Service
James L. Norman
Rinella Brothers
James Fletcher
Coast to Coast Stores
Automotive Electric Shop

Uthoff Bakery

Moore & Co.



M. — Skidder.

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GENEVIEVE ASHDOWN
Port Byron
Mathematics
B. S. Knox College
P. G. University of Chicago
University of Wisconsin
University of Minnesota



DONALD FELLER
Naperville
Shorthand, Typewriting
B. A. North Central College
P. G. University of Chicago
P. G. Gregg School, Chicago

DORIS FETHERSTON
Monmouth
Public Speaking, English
Dramatics
B. A. Monmouth College

MILDRED FINFGELD
Lexington
English, Civics
B. A. Ill. Wesleyan University

ARTHUR I. FLEMING
Princeton
Agriculture
B. S. University of Illinois
P. G. University of Illinois

DONNABELLE FRY
Princeton
Music, Jr. English Psychology
B. Music, B. S. Univ. of Illinois

EVELYN GRAHAM
Princeton
Latin, English
A. B. University of Chicago
P. G. University of Wisconsin

CLARA JOHNSON
Princeton
Registrar, P. H. S.

ROBERT G. KELSEY
Princeton
Commercial
B. S. Northwestern University
P. G. Walton Sch. of Commerce
P. G. University of Chicago
P. G. University of Illinois
P. G. University of Colorado

HAROLD LOWRY
Laomi
History, Band
A. B. University of Illinois

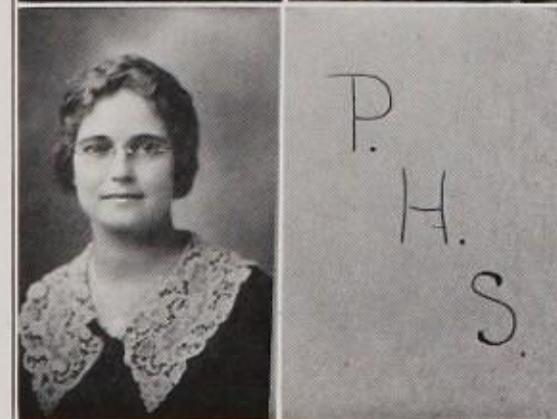
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CECILE MALSURY

Virden

Home Economics

*B. S. University of Illinois
P. G. University of Colorado*



JEAN I. PALMER

Princeton

History, Civics

B. A. Monmouth College

BETTY PARR

Carthage

English

*A. B. Carthage College
P. G. University of Iowa*

ARLENE PRINCE

Princeton

Home Nursing

*R. N. Ravenswood Hos., Chicago
P. G. University of Michigan*

BEATRICE SLOAN

Urbana

General Science

Girls' Physical Education

B. S. University of Illinois

EVELYN TURNER

Casey

French, English

*Ph. B. University of Chicago
P. G. University of Chicago*

THE TIGER

Faculty
of
P. H. S.



Sloan



Stetson



Feller - Kelsey



Shaffer



C. Johnson



Malsbury -
Palmer



Fleming



Mrs. Mortensen



Mortensen



Turner, Fry, Fetherston
Finfgeld, Ashdown



Moser



V. Johnson



Graham - Parr



Lowry



O.W. Skinner



Senior Class History

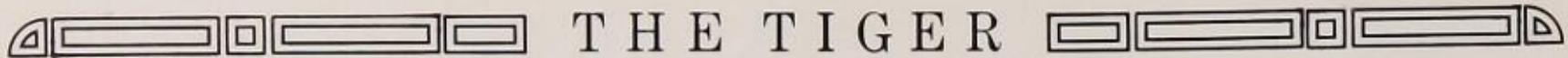


'Twas a day in September in '28. The first day of school at Princeton High was about to get started, when lo and behold! Approximately eighty Freshmen were to be seen battling valiantly in an attempt to get into the spacious auditorium first. Oh yes, they were finally calmed down, but it took real courage and bulldog tenacity to manage. It seems as if these green yearlings should have been at least awe struck at being in high school, but outside of losing themselves in the corridors, they acted very much at home. They struggled through the first few days of the old grind in excellent order, but then came the time for class elections. The great political minds of the class combined their several talents and succeeded in electing Gail Castner as President; Evelyn Alpaugh as Vice President; Kent Cain as Secretary; and Kathleen Moran as Treasurer. What rejoicing and gaiety now that the terrific strain of campaigning, voting, etc., were over! Now, the class could get down to business, and it did. They staged a Hallowe'en party under the direction of Miss Howard that was a classic in the art of entertainment. "Right up to snuff" those dumb "Freshies," for they even danced at this first function. It looked like the material for a "snappy" class. They struggled through the year with some semblance of brilliancy, and gladly watched the Seniors take their parting in June.

The next year was a different story. The lowly, untamed Freshman was a dignity now . . . someone to be looked up to . . . someone to be respected . . . a mighty personage of intellect and knowledge, for wasn't he a Sophomore? This time, the class assembled with all due dignity, and without clamor or furor, to again elect leaders of the motley outfit. This time the high and mighty elected were: President, Bruce Grant; Vice President, Lester Peterson; Secretary, Aldean Duffield; Treasurer, Deah Enyart. Once again, now that leaders were in charge, concentration of activities was started. An all school picnic started things off with a bang. Then the party, the annual Sophomore banquet and various minor functions helped to liven things up. Big things were beginning to be expected from this determined bunch. Then once again June came, and with it, of course, another Commencement. This time, the Seniors were bidden good-bye with just a bit more sadness and respect, for it would be only two years before they would be saying farewell to dear old "Almah Mahta."

The return to school in the Fall gave the group a new lease on life. Now they were upper-classmen. All respect and obedience was due them. Maybe they didn't get it, but at any rate they thought it was due them. For the third time, all were assembled to ponder on the candidates for election to official capacities. They selected a motley bunch composed of: Audrey Anderson as President; Dick Widmark as Vice President; Lester Peterson as Secretary; and Minna Lue Hoover as Treasurer. Robert Burgess was chosen as Cheer Leader.

Things were one great big social whirl in this third year. First the "gang" and the



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Seniors combined their efforts to sponsor the Faculty Reception. Then the Junior party. Following this the annual Junior play, "Green Stockings," was presented in November. This was a very able effort on the part of the Juniors, and was directed in an effective manner by Miss Fetherston. Then in May came the first chance at the annual Junior-Senior Prom. They made a real job of this and had an all around good time. This third year was really one of enjoyment for the class. All were looking at the world through "rose-colored glasses." Then for the third time, they watched the Seniors pass forever out of the life of P. H. S. Sadness was in all hearts, for they knew that the next time it would be their turn.

The last year, joy and sorrow alternated in the souls of the coming graduates. Perhaps they'd graduate, perhaps they wouldn't. Either way had its sorrow. This last year, the Class was a dignified, understanding group. For their leaders, they chose the following: President, Dick Widmark; Vice President, John Scott; Secretary, Violet Beezley; Treasurer, Art Rapp. This year they were the leaders, but soon others would take their places. This was a year of work for all. Everyone was busy, for having charge of the production of the "Tiger," the Senior play, parties and the Prom, there was much to be accomplished. It was a joyous year for all, even though they were about to be graduated, fit either for work or more education. Then on that eventful day of June 10th, 1932, the Class of '32 took their leave of good old Princeton High. But in the language of the circus, "the show must go on"—and so it goes on . . . on . . . forever on.



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Senior Officers

RICHARD WIDMARK

Class President, 4; Vice President, 3; Football Reserves, 2, 3; Varsity Football, 4; DePue Basketball Tournament; Vice President French Club, 4; Science Club, 4; Boys' Chorus, 3; National Athletic Scholarship Society, 4; Hi-Y Club, 2, 3, 4; Varsity Club, 4; Annual Staff, 4; Newspaper Staff, 4; Assembly Programs; Junior Class Play, 3; Senior Class Play, 4; Senior Carnival, 4; Commencement Oration.

JOHN CASTLEMAN SCOTT

Vice President, 4; Class Cheer Leader, 1, 2; Football Reserves, 4; Basketball Reserves, 2, 3; Track, 2, 3; French Club, 2, 3, 4; Science Club, 4; Boys' Chorus, 3; A Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Varsity Club, 2, 3, 4; Annual Staff, 4; Debate, 1, 2, 3, 4; Forensic League, 2; Vice President Forensic League, 3; President Forensic League, 4; Business Manager, Athletic Association, 3; Commencement Oration; Senior Carnival, 4.

VIOLET MAE BEEZLEY

Class Secretary, 4; Secretary Gregg Club, 4; A-B Club, 2; Commercial Contest, 3, 4; Varsity Club, 3, 4; Senior Carnival, 4.

ARTHUR E. RAPP

Class Treasurer, 4; Football, 3, 4; Basketball, 3, 4; Track, 2, 4; Science Club, 4; Boys' Chorus, 4; Future Farmers Club, 1, 2, 3; Hi-Y Club, 4; Operetta, 4; Senior Carnival, 4.

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EVELYN ALPAUGH

Classs Vice President, 1; French Club, 3, 4; A-B Club, 3; A Club, 1, 2; Annual Staff, 4; Newspaper Staff, 3; Assembly Program, 2, 3, 4; Senior Carnival, 4.



ALICE CECELIA ANDERSON

French Club, 3, 4; Gregg Club, 4; Girls' Chorus, 2; A Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Operetta, 2; Assembly Program, 3, 4.

AUDREY ANDERSON

Class President, 3; French Club, 3, 4; Girls' Chorus, 4; National Honor Society, 3, 4; A. Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Home Economics Club, 4; G. A. A., 2; Annual Staff, 4; Orchestra, 1, 2; Assembly Program.

IONA BALDWIN

Home Economics Club Vice President, 3; Home Ec. Club President, 4; Assembly Program; Senior Class Play; Senior Carnival, 4.

TOM BEST

Football, 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball, 1, 2, 3, 4; Track, 1; Science Club, 4; Hi-Y Club, 3, 4; Pep Club, 3, 4; Annual Staff, 3, 4; Assembly Program, 1, 2, 3, 4; Junior Class Play, 3; One Act Play, 2; Senior Carnival, 4.

JEAN BLACKBURN

Girls' Chorus, 1, 2; President Home Economics Club, 2, 3; Operetta, 2; Orchestra, 2; Band, 2, 3; Senior Carnival, 4.

STANLEY B. BROWN

Basketball Reserves, 4; French Club, 4; Latin Club, 2; Science Club, 4; Newspaper Staff, 3; Senior Carnival, 4.

ARTHUR W. BRYANT

President Science Club, 4; Secretary Future Farmers Club, 2, 3; Hi-Y, 4; Annual Staff, 4; Senior Carnival, 4.

KENT CAIN

Football, 3, 4; Cross Country Track, 2; Boys' Chorus, 3, 4; National Athletic Scholarship Society, 3; A Club, 3; Hi-Y, 3; Treasurer Hi-Y, 4; Pep Club, 1; Operetta, 4; Annual Staff, 4; Orchestra, 1, 2; One Act Play, 4; Junior Class Play, 3; Senior Carnival, 4.

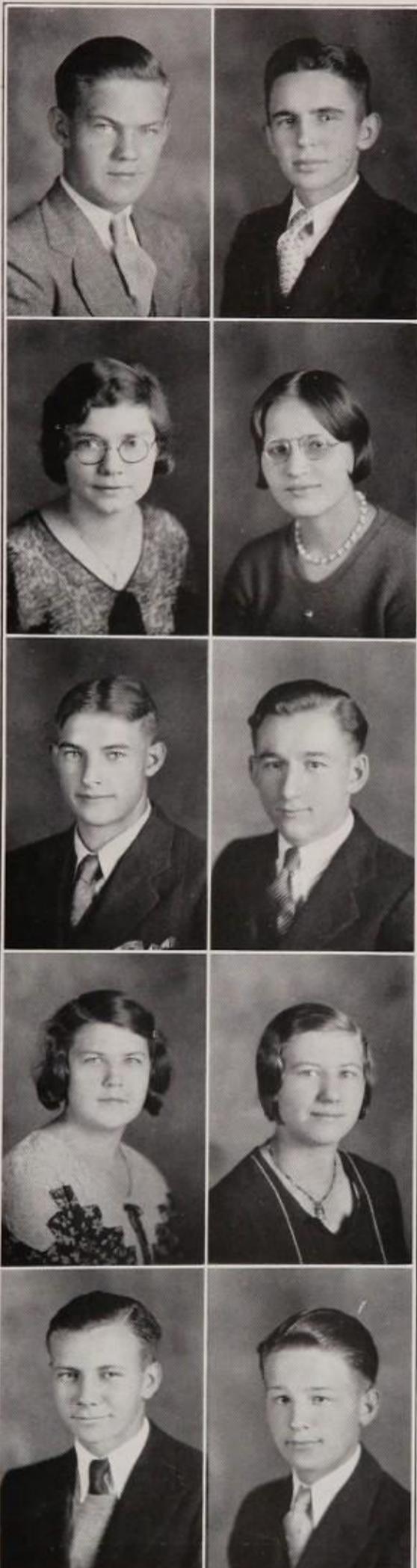
ALBERT E. CARLSON

Basketball Reserves, 2, 4; Gregg Club, 4; Boys' Chorus, 3, 4; National Honor Society, 4; A Club, 2; A-B Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Pep Club, 1; Orchestra, 1, 2, 3, 4; Band, 3, 4; Music Box Review, 1; One Act Play, 4; Assembly Program, Junior Class Play, 3; Senior Class Play, 4; Typing Team, 3, 4; Senior Carnival, 4.

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GAIL M. CASTNER

Class President, 1; Football, 3, 4; French Club, 4; Science Club, 4; Latin Club, 2; Boys' Chorus, 3, 4; National Honor Society, 4; National Athletic Scholarship Society, 4; Operetta, 2, 4; Orchestra, 1, 2, 3, 4; Band, 3, 4; One Act Play, 3, 4; Assembly Programs, Junior Class Play, 3; Senior Class Play, 4; Senior Carnival, 4.



LETA M. CHARLES

Gregg Club, 4; Chorus, 4; Operetta, 4; Tiskilwa High School, 1, 2, 3; Senior Carnival, 4.

FREMONT CONANT

Football Reserves, 1, 2; Football Varsity, 3, 4; Track, 1, 2, 3; Science Club, 4; Boys' Chorus, 3, 4; Future Farmers Club, 2, 3, 4; Operetta, 1, 2, 4; Senior Carnival, 4; Football Captain, 4.

ALICE LOUISE CONKLING

Gregg Club, 4; Girls' Chorus, 1, 2; Senior Carnival, 4.

MAX W. CONLEY

Class Secretary, 1; Football Reserves, 1, 3, 4; Science Club, 4; Boys' Chorus, 3; Hi-Y Club, 2, 3; Pep Club, 1; Senior Carnival, 4.

ROBERT COULTER

Science Club, 4; Debate, 3, 4; One Act Play, 4; Boys' Oration, 4; Oration County Contest, 4; Assembly Program, 4; Senior Class Play, 4; Forensic League, 4; Senior Carnival, 4.

GERTRUDE DELCOURT

Girls' Basketball, 2; French Club, 2; Science Club, 4; Latin Club, 4; G. A. A., 1, 2, 3; Senior Carnival, 4.

ALDEAN DUFFIELD

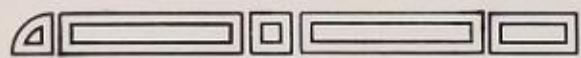
Class Secretary, 2; Football, 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball, 2, 3; Latin Club, 2; Boys' Chorus, National Honor Society, 3, 4; National Athletic Scholarship Society, 4; A Club, 2, 3, 4; A-B Club, 1; Hi-Y Club, 3, 4; Pep Club, 1; Operetta, 4; Annual Staff, 4; Newspaper Staff, 2, 3, 4; Debate, 3, 4; Forensic League, 3, 4; Senior Carnival, 4.

DOROTHY ANNE ECKSTROM

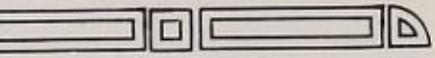
Girls' Chorus, 3, 4; Home Economics Club, 2, 3; Operetta, 3; Senior Carnival, 4.

SEARLE L. ENGSTROM

Football, 4; Track, 3, 4; Future Farmers Club, 2, 3, 4; County Judging Contest, 3; State Judging Contest, 3; Senior Carnival, 4.

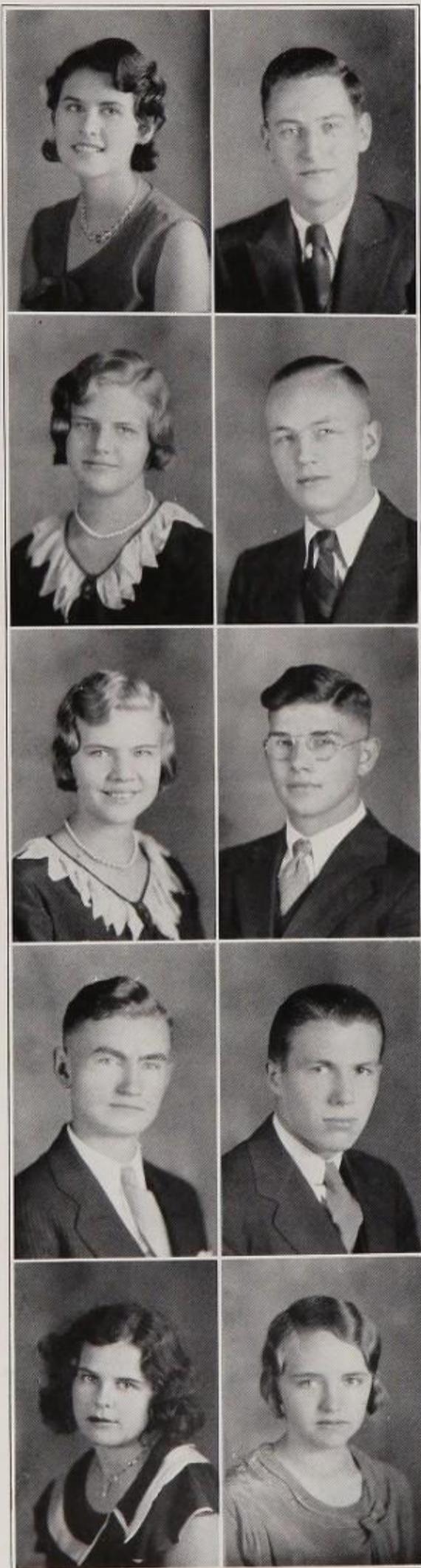


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DEAH ENYART

Class Treasurer, 2; Gregg Club President, 4; Girls' Chorus, 1, 2; Home Economics, 1; Operetta, 2; Debate, 4; Extempo, 4; Assembly Program, 1, 3; Senior Carnival, 4; Varsity Club, 3, 4; A-B Club, 1; Commercial Contests, 3, 4.



INA C. ESPEL

Walnut High School, 1, 2; French Club, 3, 4; Science Club, 3; National Honor Society, 4; A Club, 3, 4; Annual Staff, 4; Newspaper Staff, 4; Senior Carnival, 4; Commencement Oration.

IVA L. ESPEL

Walnut High School, 1, 2; French Club, 3, 4; Science Club, 3; National Honor Society, 4; A Club, 3, 4; Home Economics Club, 4; Annual Staff, 4; Assembly Program, 3; Senior Carnival, 4; Commencement Oration.

GILBERT FRASIER

Basketball, 2, 4; French Club, 4; Science Club, 4; Latin Club, 1, 2; Band, 4; One Act Play, 4; Senior Carnival, 4.

MARIANNE FULLICK

Girls' Chorus, 4; A-B Club, 1; Home Economics Club, 1, 2, 4; G. A. A., 1, 2, 3; Pep Club, 2; Operetta, 3, 4; Senior Carnival, 4.

EDWARD L. GRAMPP

Basketball, 2, 3, 4; Track, 3, 4; French Club, 4; Science Club, 4; Latin Club, 1, 2; Boys' Chorus, 3, 4; National Honor Society, 4; National Athletic Scholarship Society, 3, 4; Varsity Club, 3, 4; Pep Club, 4; Operetta, 4; Orchestra, 4; Band, 3, 4; One Act Play, 4; Junior Class Play, 3; Senior Class Play, 4; Commencement Oration.

BRUCE GRANT

Class President, 2; Gregg Club, 4; National Honor Society, 3; National Athletic Scholarship Society, 2, 3, 4; A Club, 1; Newspaper Staff, 1, 2, 4.

ROBERT G. GRAY

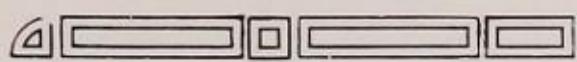
Future Farmers Club, 4; Senior Class Play, 4.

ROBERT J. HABERKORN

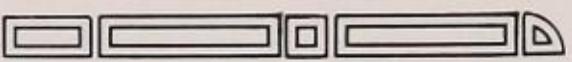
Football Reserves, 1, 2, 4; Track, 3, 4; Science Club, 4; Latin Club, 2, 3; Boys' Chorus, 3, 4; Hi-Y, 2, 3, 4; Operetta, 4; Senior Carnival, 4; Invitational Basketball Tournament, 3, 4.

MARGARET HAMM

Gregg Club, 4; A Club, 3; Home Economics Club, 1; Senior Carnival, 4.

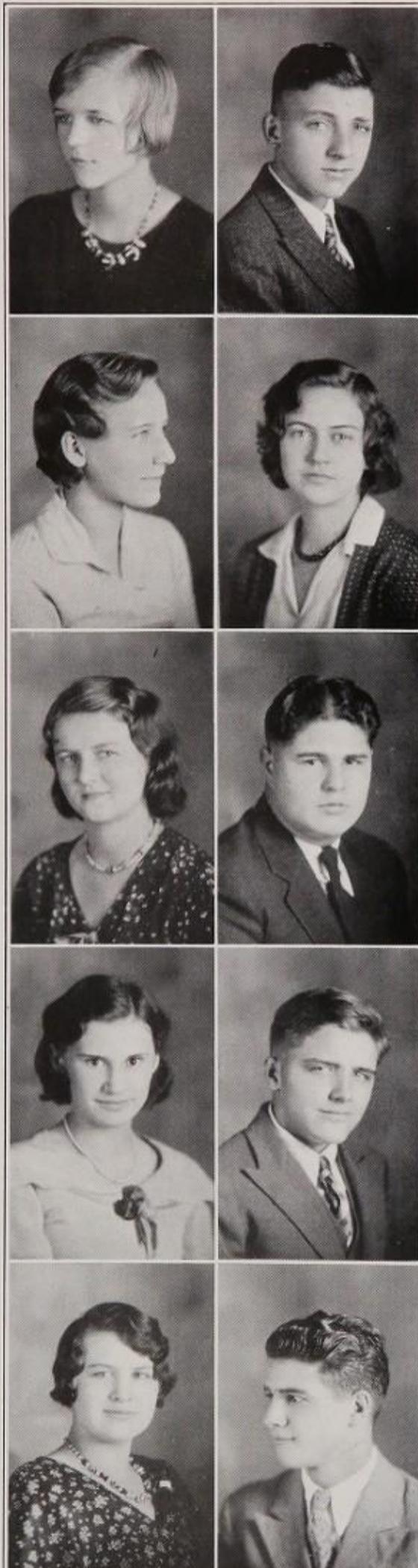


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LILY HANSEN

Latin Club, 3; National Honor Society, 4; A Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Home Economics Club, 1, 4; Senior Carnival, 4; Newspaper Staff, 3, 4.



ANNA HAURBERG

Girls' Basketball, 1, 2, 3, 4; French Club, 3, 4; Science Club, 4; Home Economics Club, 1, 2; G. A. A., 1, 2, 3, 4; Pep Club, 1; Senior Carnival, 4; French Assembly, 3, 4.

HELEN LOUISE HEWITT

Science Club, 4; Latin Club, 1, 2; Girls' Chorus, 2; Home Economics Club, 4; G. A. A., 1; Operetta, 2; Annual Staff, 4; Senior Carnival, 4.

DOROTHY V. HOCK

Gregg Club, 4; Latin Club, 2; G. A. A., 1, 2; Senior Carnival, 4.

HELEN HOTALING

Science Club, 4; Girls' Chorus, 3, 4; Operetta, 4.

ROGER L. HOOVER

A-B Club, 4; Future Farmers Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Secretary, 1, 2, 3; Orchestra, 2, 4; Band, 4; Sectional Judging Contest, 1, 2, 3; State Judging Contest, 1, 2.

MINNA LUE HOOVER

Class Treasurer, 3; Gregg Club, 4; Girls' Chorus, 1, 2, 3, 4; National Honor Society, 4; A-B Club, 3; Operetta, 1, 2, 3, 4; Annual Staff, 4; State Chorus Contest, 4; Senior Carnival, 4.

MAX E. HUFFSTODT

Football, 3, 4; Science Club, 4; Sergeant at Arms; Future Farmers, 4; Senior Carnival, 4.

WILLIAM L. ISAACSON

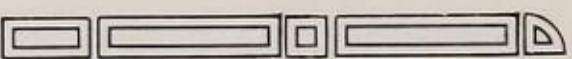
Science Club, 4.

CLARENCE JEFFERS

Science Club, 4; Boys' Chorus, 4; Future Farmers Club, 2, 3, 4; Orchestra, 2, 3, 4; Band, 3, 4; Senior Class Play.



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WANDA LEE JEFFERS

Gregg Club, 4; Latin Club, 3;
Girls' Chorus, 1, 4; Operetta, 1.



MYRON V. JOHNSON

Science Club 4, Treasurer, 4; Latin Club, 1, 2; Boys' Chorus, 4; A-B Club, 4; Hi-Y Club, 2, 3, 4; Operetta, 4; Debate, 4; Senior Class Play, 4; Forensic League, 4.

DOROTHY KOPP

Basketball, 2; Gregg Club, 4, Treasurer 4; Girls' Chorus, 3; Home Economics Club, 1; Big Nine Contest, Girls' Dramatic, 4; County Contest, Dramatic, 3; Assembly Program, 1, 2, 3, 4; Senior Class Play; Forensic League, 4; Senior Carnival, 4.

E. RUTH KRONE

French Club, 3, 4; Science Club, 3; Latin Club, 2; Girls' Chorus, 1; A-B Club, 1, 3; French Assembly Program, 3, 4.

DORIS JANET LANE

French Club, 4; Gregg Club, 4; Science Club, 4; Senior Carnival, 4.

DORIS L. LENIHAN

Girls' Basketball, 1; Gregg Club, 4; Operetta; Assembly Program; Junior Class Play; Senior Carnival.

GEORGE LUND

Business Manager Athletic Association, 4.

ROBERT LUNDBERG

Football, 3, 4; Basketball, 3; Track, 1, 2, 3, 4; Science Club, 4; Boys' Chorus, 4; Future Farmers Club, 1, 2; Operetta, 4.

PEGGY MAIDMENT

Basketball, 2, 3; French Club, 4, Secretary and Treasurer; Science Club, 4; A-B Club, 2, 3; G. A. A., 2, 3; Operetta, 2; Big Nine Contest, One Act Play, 4; Girls' Dramatic, 4; Assembly Program, 1, 2, 3, 4; Junior Class Play, 3; Senior Class Play, 4; Forensic League, 4; Senior Carnival, 4.

ISABELLE MEAR

Girls' Basketball, 1, 2, 3; Gregg Club, 3; G. A. A., 2, 3, 4; Sec., 2; Pep Club, 1; Assembly Program, 2, 3; Senior Carnival, 4.

THE TIGER

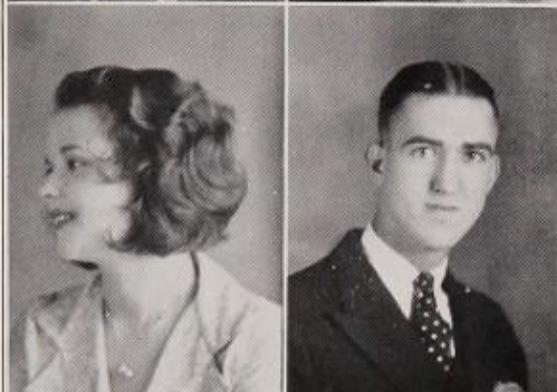
EDWARD MERCER

Science Club, 4; Future Farmers Club, 3.



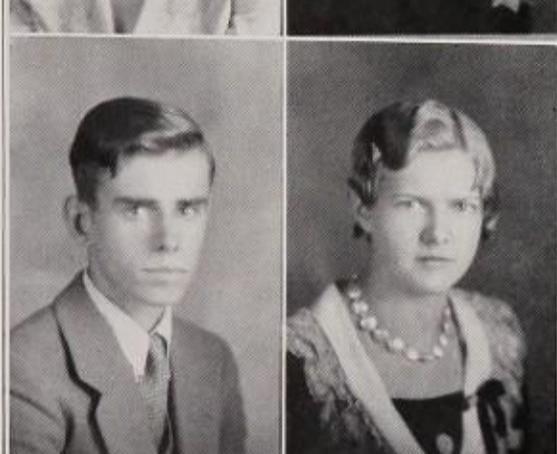
KAHTLEEN MORAN

Class Treasurer, 1; Science Club, 4; Pep Club, 1; Operetta, 1, 2, 3; Assembly Program, 2, 3, 4; Junior Class Play, 3; Senior Carnival, 4.



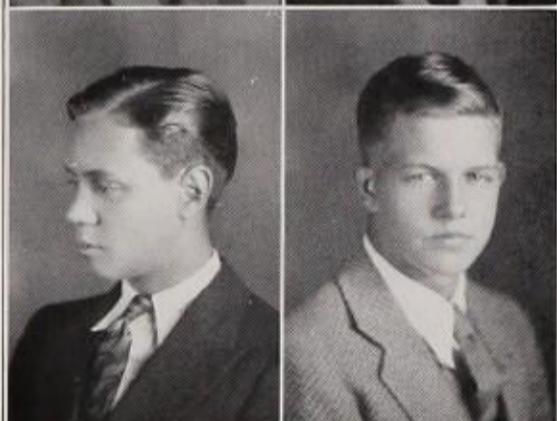
GLENN R. MULVANE

Science Club, 4; Senior Carnival, 4.



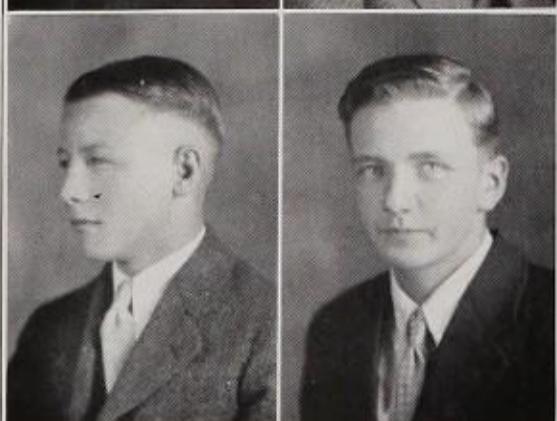
JOSEPH W. NELSON

Boys' Chorus, 4; Future Farmers Club, 1, 2; Operetta, 4; Senior Carnival, 4; Basketball, 3; DePue Tournament.



LYLE NELSON

Football, 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball, 3; DePue Tournament, 2, 3; Science Club, 4; Boys' Chorus, 4; Future Farmers Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Varsity Club, 4; Operetta, 4.



RUTH ELIZABETH NELSON

Gregg Club, 4; Senior Carnival, 4.

RALPH M. ODELL

Track, 4; Orchestra, 3, 4; Band, 3, 4; Assembly Program, 2, 3; State Orchestra Contest, 4; County Orchestra Contest, 3, 4; Senior Carnival, 4.

HELEN OHLSON

Gregg Club, 4; A-B Club, 2; Senior Carnival, 4.

RICHARD OHLSON

Future Farmers Club, 1, 2, 3; Hi-Y Club, 4; Assembly Program, 2.

MARTIN OLSON

Future Farmers Club, 1; Orchestra, 1, 2, 4; Senior Carnival, 4.

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MAURICE E. PARKER

Football, 3, 4; Basketball, A-B Tournament, 3, 4; Science Club, 4; Hi-Y Club, 3, 4; Band, 3, 4; One Act Play Contest, 4.



LESTER R. PETERSON

Secretary Junior Class; Football, 2, 3, 4; Basketball, 2; French Club, 3, 4, Pres., 4; Science Club, 4; Latin Club, 2; Boys' Chorus, 3, 4; Nat'l Ath. Scholarship Society, 4; A Club 1; A-B Club, 1, 2, 3; Hi-Y Club, 2, 3, 4, Pres., 4, Sec., 3; Operetta, 4; Annual Staff, 4; Assembly Program, 3, 4; Jr. Class Play; Sr. Carnival; Short Wave Cl. Pres., 4.

VIOLA PIERSON

Girls' Basketball, 1, 2; Gregg Club, 4; Home Economics Club, 1, 2; Pep Club, 1; Commercial County Contest, 3; Assembly Programs, 2, 3, 4.

ROY PIPER

Boys' Chorus, 3; Future Farmers, 1, 2, 3, 4; Orchestra, 2, 3.

LOIS PRINCE

Gregg Club, 4; Senior Carnival, 4.

LYLE PUTTCAMP

Track, 1; Boys' Chorus, 2; Future Farmers, 1; Hi-Y Club, 1; Operetta, 4.

CHARLES QUICKLE

Basketball, 1; Science Club, 4; Boys' Chorus, 3, 4; Future Farmers, 2; Operetta, 3, 4.

MARY ELOISE RUSSELL

Macomb High School, 1, 2, 3; French Club, 4; Assembly Programs, 4.

ROBERT D. RUSSMAN

Science Club, 4; Boys' Chorus, 3, 4; Operetta, 4; Assembly Programs, 3, 4; Invitational Basketball Tournament, 4.

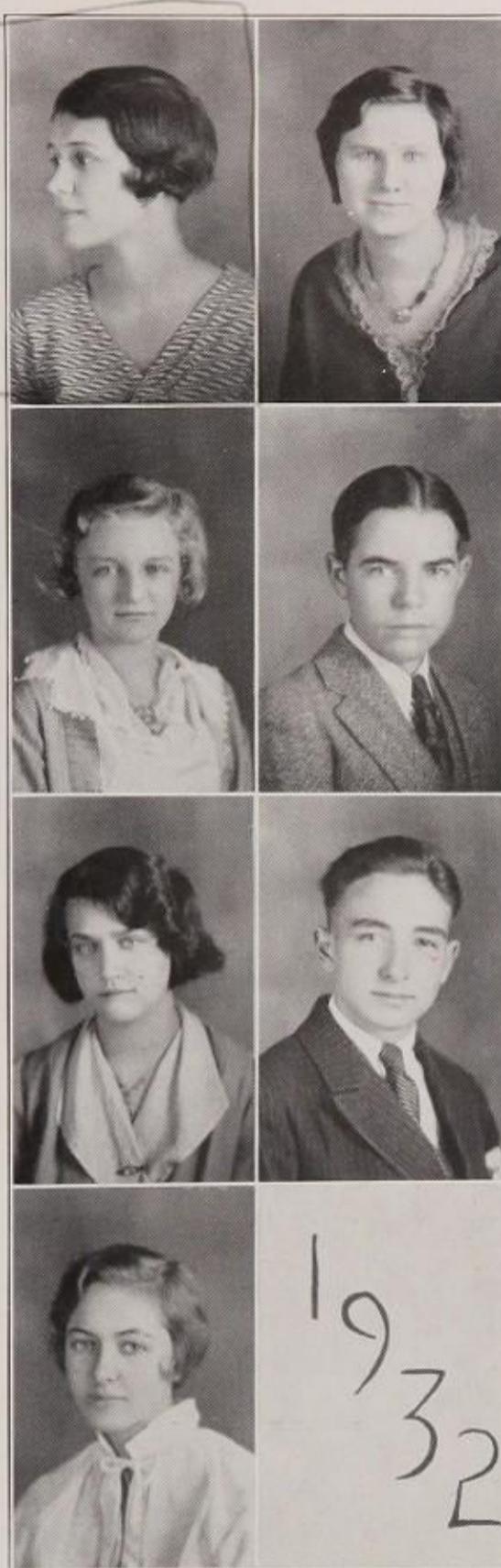
PAUL SCHULHOF

Science Club, 4; Future Farmers, 1, 2; Hi-Y Club, 2, 3, 4; Invitational Basketball Tournament, 3, 4.

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DOROTHY SCOTT

Cheer Leader, 4; Sergeant-at-Arms, Gregg Club, 4; Latin Club, 2, 3, 4; A Club, 3; G. A. A. Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Pep Club, 4; Annual Staff, 4; Girls' Dramatic, 4; Assembly Program, 4; Senior Class Play, 4; Forensic League, 4; Senior Carnival, 4.



DOROTHY M. SIMON

Gregg Club, 4; A Club, 1; A-B Club, 2; Home Economics Club, 3, 4; Senior Carnival, 4.

RUTH T. SIMON

Gregg Club, 4; Science Club, 3; Latin Club, 2; Girls' Chorus, 3; Home Economics Club, 4; Operetta, 3; Senior Carnival, 4.

MARY WINIFRED SKINNER

French Club, 3, 4; Science Club, 3; Girls' Chorus, 3, 4; Nat'l Honor Society, 3, 4; A-B Club, 1; G. A. A. Club, 1; Operetta, 4; Annual Staff, 2, 4; Newspaper Staff, 3, 4; One Act Play, 2; Girls' Dramatic, 2, 3, 4; Co. Dramatic Contest, 2; Assembly Program, 2, 3, 4; Junior Class Play, 3; Senior Class Play, 4; Forensic League, 3, 4; Senior Carnival; Commencement Oration.

LUCILE SLEDGISTER

Latin Club, 4; Home Economics Club, 4.

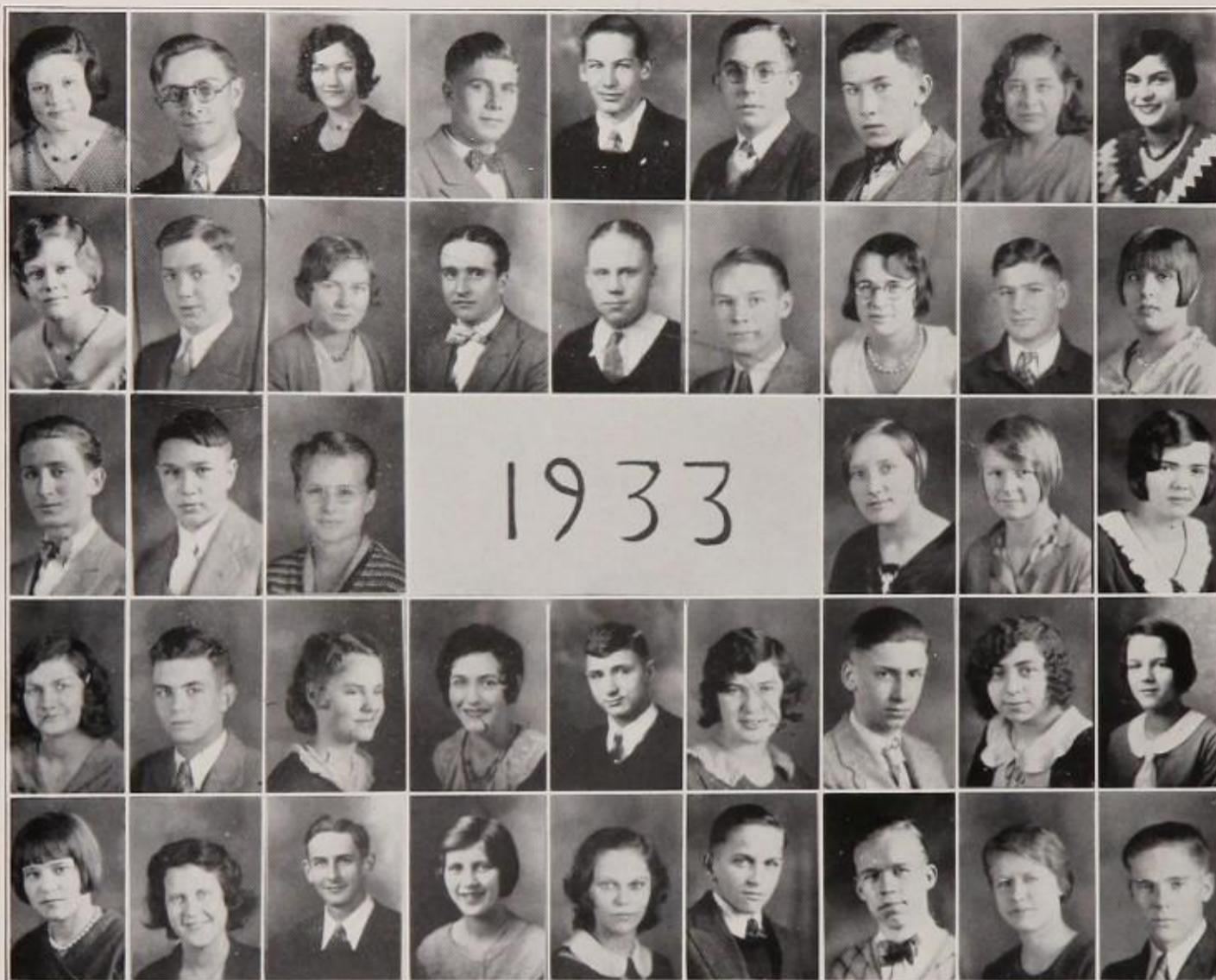
EARL SLUTZ

A-B Club, 4; Future Farmers Club, 1, 2, 3; One Act Play, 4; Assembly Program, 4.

DEAN W. TOWNSEND

French Club, 4; Latin Club, 2; Boys' Chorus, 4; A Club, 2; A-B Club, 1, 3; Hi-Y Club, 3, 4; Operetta, 2; Orchestra, 1, 2, 3, 4; Band, 3, 4; Assembly Program, 4; Senior Class Play, 4; Senior Carnival, 4; Basketball, 3, 4; County Orchestra Contest, 1, 2, 3, 4.

THE TIGER



TOP ROW (Left to Right)—A. Miller, N. Cater, V. King, J. Bryant, R. Aldrich, C. Anderson, R. Arling, P. Bales, B. Beeley.

SECOND ROW—J. Bouxsein, ~~A. Brooks~~, M. Buchanan, R. Burgess, C. Burkman, D. Carter, D. Chelin, O. Church, M. Conant.

THIRD ROW—L. Cook, J. Doyle, S. Eldridge, H. Elliott, A. Fahlberg, D. Garman.

FOURTH ROW—J. Greene, H. Greene, H. Hansen, E. Hays, T. Ioder, ~~R. Johns~~, J. Kimberley, S. Klass, P. Kopp.

FIFTH ROW—J. Lafferty, L. Lamb, G. Leid, E. Lind, D. Marine, D. Marine, H. Middaugh, B. Middleton, C. Miller.

Junior Class History

In September of 1929, the future Class of '33 embarked upon its high school career. We started our high school days off with a "bang" by electing the following Class officers: President, Adrian Brooks; Vice-President, Roger Johnson; Secretary, Herbert Oberg; Treasurer, June Bouxsein; Cheer Leader, Gordon Walstrom. We chose as our class colors red and white. To get better acquainted with each other, the class decided to have a picnic at Bryant's woods. Because our picnic was such a success, our first "regular" party was held on December 6th. Our class was well represented in the school activities, including: Girls' Athletic Association, Future Farmers of America, Orchestra, Chorus, Home Economics Club, and the Reserve Basketball and Football Squads. The class was also well represented in the Zone and County Contest. Many

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TOP ROW—C. Miller, J. Moran, M. Morris, E. Morse, R. Moses, F. Nelson, H. Nelson,
C. Norberg, H. Oberg.
SECOND ROW—R. Oloffson, R. Palmer, L. Pierson, G. Peterson, W. Quanstrom, L. Sales,
A. Shuster, R. Simon, J. Smith.
THIRD ROW—L. Spute, E. Staples, H. Staples, V. Steupfert, L. Swanson, V. Swartsley,
H. Taylor.
FOURTH ROW—H. Townsend, V. Transou, M. Vance, D. Vickrey, D. Vickrey, E. Washburn,
V. Washer, E. Wilson, L. Wingate.

girls participated in the May Fete, which was about the last event of the year. So we graduated to Sophomores.

When we returned in the fall of 1930, we felt entirely at home. We elected for our Class officers: Robert Aldrich, President; Edward Campbell, Vice-President; Marjorie Vance, Secretary; Elinor Hays, Treasurer; and Lois Lamb, Cheer Leader. Early in the fall our class picnic was held at Lime Rock, and in December our class party at the High School. Again our class was well represented in the activities of the school. So ended our Sophomore year.

Now for our Junior year. No longer were we underclassmen. The first "social" event of our Junior year was the Faculty Reception. This was our first Faculty Reception, but we are surely glad it isn't our last. Because everyone was talking of a depression, our class decided to have a "hard-times" party at the high school. To look at some of the clothes worn, one would have known there was *something* the matter. Then came the annual Junior play. This year it was "Honor Bright." All the characterizations were fine. Again the members of our class participated in the school activities. Then came the climax of our school year, the Prom. We hope to continue next year as Seniors and intend "to make the most" of our last year.

THE TIGER



FIRST ROW—R. Kopp, K. Hasenyager, M. Larson, H. Hartley, D. Sapp, C. Abel, V. Alpaugh, A. Anderson, H. Anderson.

SECOND ROW—R. Anderson, M. Baldwin, J. Becker, R. Beshoar, E. Brooks, H. Bryant, E. Butts, H. Carlson, R. Christiansen.

THIRD ROW—D. DeRose, H. Dean, G. Dobson, E. Doty, E. Doty, B. Dyke, C. Eckhoff.

FOURTH ROW—J. Eckstrom, M. Enyart, H. Erickson, M. Erickson, R. Erickson, M. Farwell, H. Fenwick, L. Fulkerson, L. Gross.

FIFTH ROW—E. Guldbech, R. Halberg, D. Hoover, L. Hoover, A. Hubbard, B. Jeffers, B. Jeffers, G. Jones, E. Johns.

Sophomore Class History

As the second day of September rolled around way back in 1930, the Class of '34 entered Princeton High School with one thought foremost in every head,—that was that the Class of '34 was to be the best class ever to enter P. H. S.

After several weeks of accustoming ourselves to the school and pranks of the upper classmen, we met in the auditorium to elect our Class officers and meet our Class Advisers. We found that Miss Turner and Mr. Lowry were to guide us safely through our high school days and elected the following officers: President, Tony Maidment; Vice-President, Dick Sapp; Secretary, Ruth Nelson; Treasurer, John Becker.

Our first party was held a few weeks later in the high school and was such a huge success that we planned to have a picnic. The weather man changed these plans, how-

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FIRST ROW—D. Johnson, P. Johnson, R. Johnson, R. G. Johnson, C. Kasbeer, D. Kelley, G. Kimberley, M. Lamb, D. Lane.

SECOND ROW—L. Logsdon, R. Lundberg, W. Lyons, T. Maidment, M. Merkley, C. Minier, T. Moran, G. Nathan, J. Nelson.

THIRD ROW—L. Nelson, L. Nelson, M. Nelson, R. Nelson, R. Peterson, V. Pierson, A. Pihl.

FOURTH ROW—D. Piper, R. Prince, A. Reuter, E. Rolander, E. Russman, M. Schulhoff, W. Sargent, H. Shenlund, M. Sidle.

FIFTH ROW—E. Sledgister, D. Sloan, M. Steele, H. Thulean, M. Unholz, V. Walstrom, G. Wedding, A. Westerling, D. Yates.

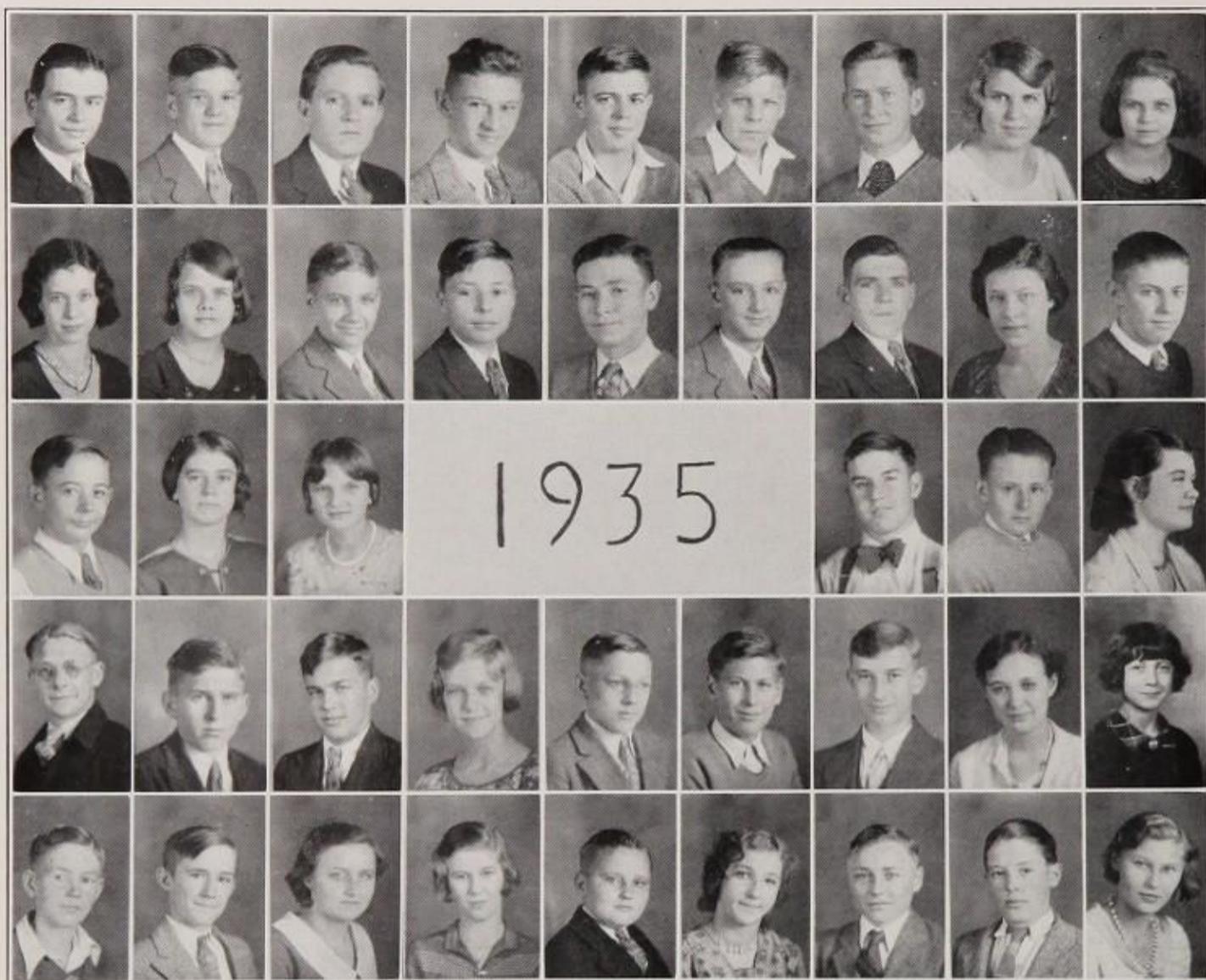
ever, and we held another party in the cafeteria. We had another picnic at Second High Banks. With these events we closed our Freshman year, eagerly looking forward to our three remaining years, in which our class would distinguish itself.

As the doors were flung open to start the school year of 1931-32, we were all present with a few additions. We were very much relieved that we need not go around with our eyes glued on the numbers above the doors but that we could roam leisurely around in the corridors and watch the sorry plight of the new Freshman class.

At our first class meeting we elected Robert Kopp as President; Keene Hasenya-ger, Vice-President; Helen Hartley, Treasurer; Martin Larson, Secretary; and Dick Sapp, Cheer Leader.

On October 17, we all met in the High School for our first Sophomore party, which was a huge success. April 30 was the annual Sophomore Banquet, the big event in the lives of Sophomores. Forty-five happy students gathered in the cafeteria to dine, dance, and be merry. Everyone felt that we had closed our social year in very great style.

THE TIGER



FIRST ROW—D. Finn, G. Newbury, R. Hayes, M. Powell, C. Alpaugh, A. Peterson, C. Albrecht, C. Anderson, P. Anderson.

SECOND ROW—D. Arling, H. Berg, W. Boles, L. Borop, R. Bradley, L. Brenneman, C. Burr, R. Burrows, H. Callinan.

THIRD ROW—H. Cater, E. Carter, N. Conard, R. Conant, J. Connolly, Y. Crichfield.

FOURTH ROW—M. Edwards, M. Eickmeier, R. Eickmeier, D. Espel, L. Evelhock, A. Fox, M. Gaddie, L. Gilbert, C. Gleason.

FIFTH ROW—C. Greene, D. Hamm, P. Hewitt, G. Jacobs, H. Johnson, R. Johnson, M. Jontz, E. Kaufman, Z. Kaufman.

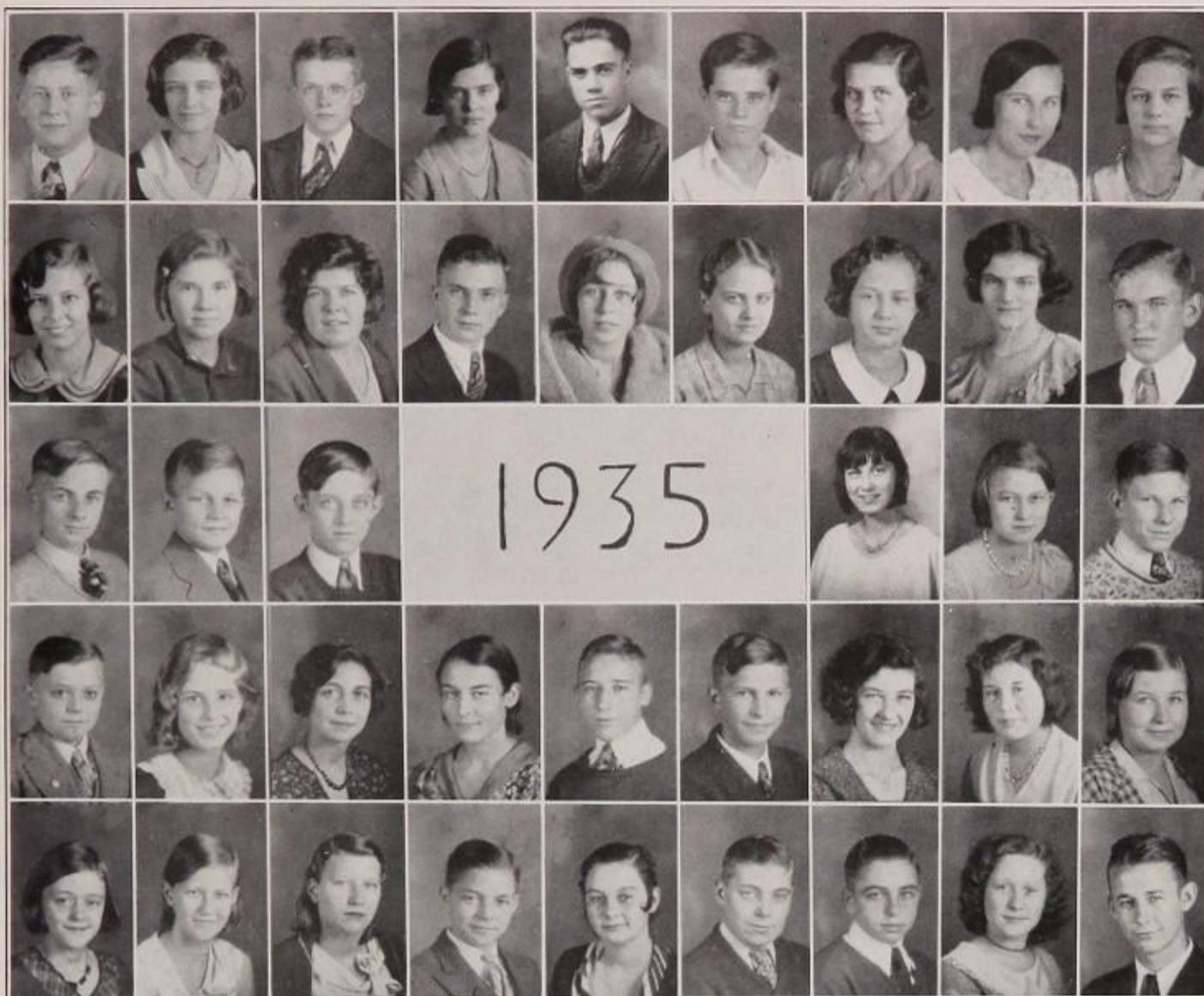
Freshman Class History

One sunny September day of 1931, about eighty-five young students took seats in the front rows of the Princeton High School Auditorium. This front row position signified that we belonged to the Freshman class. But how proud we were of the fact that we were in Princeton High even if we were only "green Freshies" (as the upper-classmen say).

For the first few days we were a little unacquainted with our programs and the different rooms and we'll have to admit we even had to look at the numbers on the doors, but we soon conquered that difficulty.

Soon it was announced that the Freshman class would hold a meeting in the Science

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FIRST ROW—R. Keeler, L. King, E. Kissick, K. Kuhn, H. Lampkin, H. Lampkin, R. Lavelli,
M. Martinsen, M. Maycox.

SECOND ROW—C. Maynard, S. Merkley, C. Miller, L. Morse, E. Ness, B. Nelson, A. Nichols,
W. Otto.

THIRD ROW—G. Owens, H. Parr, H. Pearson, A. Peterson, R. Pierce, C. Pierson.

FOURTH ROW—H. Pierson, D. Piper, D. Porter, E. Puttcamp, H. Quanstrom, R. Quickle,
G. Ricker, I. Schultz, R. Sargent.

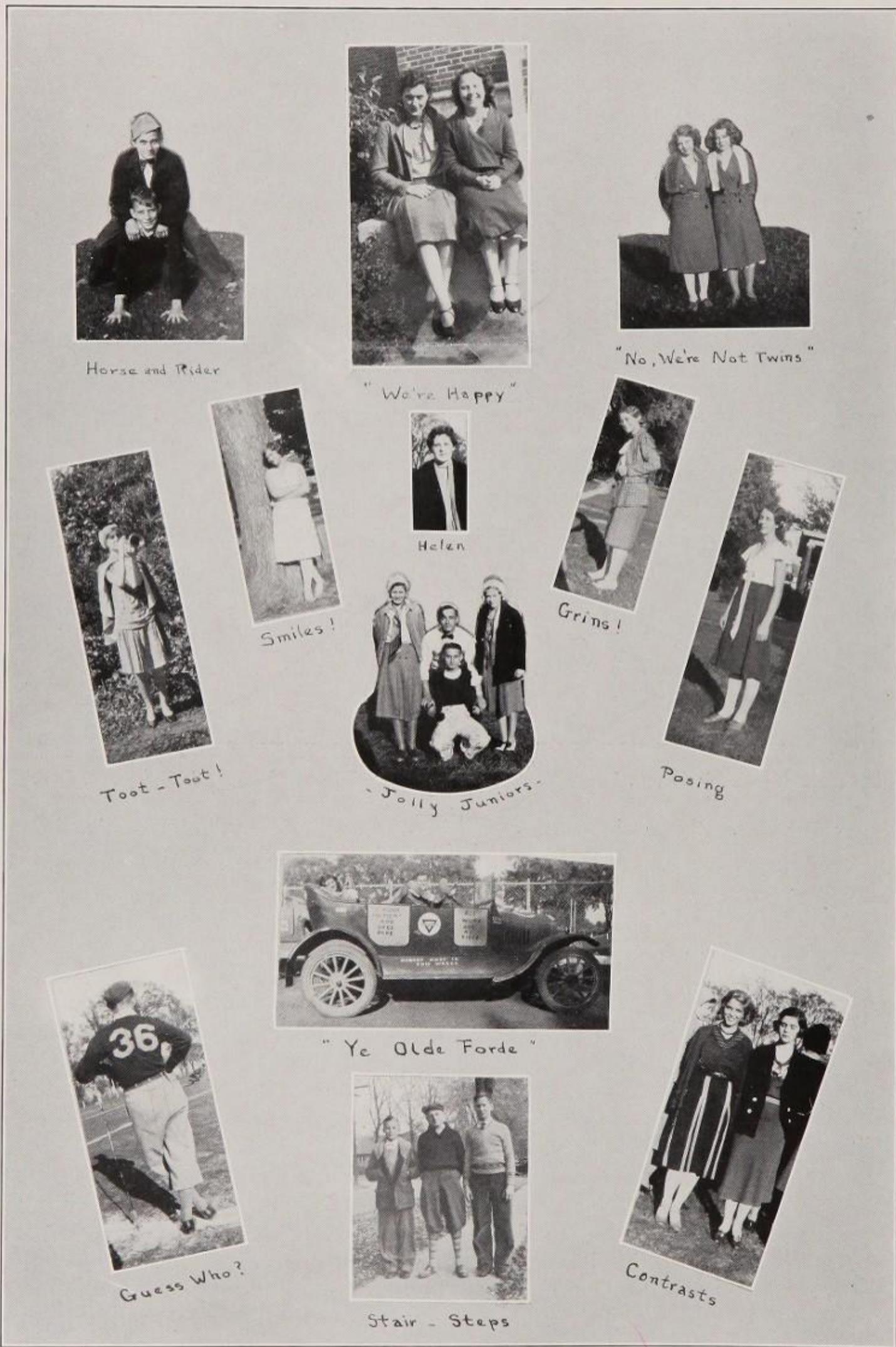
FIFTH ROW—V. Sharp, N. Shenlund, V. Shenlund, L. Simon, F. St. John, E. Swanlund,
D. Swanson, J. Webster, R. Wolfe.

Lecture Room. Everyone hurried upstairs to find out what was going to happen. It was at this meeting that we were told that Miss Parr and Mr. Shaffer were to be our Advisers. With help from our Advisers, we chose the following Class officers: President, Dan Finn; Vice-President, Glenn Newbury; Secretary, Ralph Hayes; Treasurer, Marion Powell; Cheer Leader, Charles Alpaugh.

Then came the Freshman Get-Acquainted Party, which all enjoyed even though the upper-classmen tried to frighten us with threats. The rest of the year was spent more quietly although the Freshmen were represented in many activities. Some are: Chorus, One-Act Plays, Home Economics Club, Orchestra, Band, G. A. A., Debates, A Club, A-B Club, Future Farmers of America, Preliminary Tryouts for Zone Contest, and Reserve Teams of Football and Basketball. We also presented a Freshman Christmas Play, which was given for both assembly and Rotary Club.

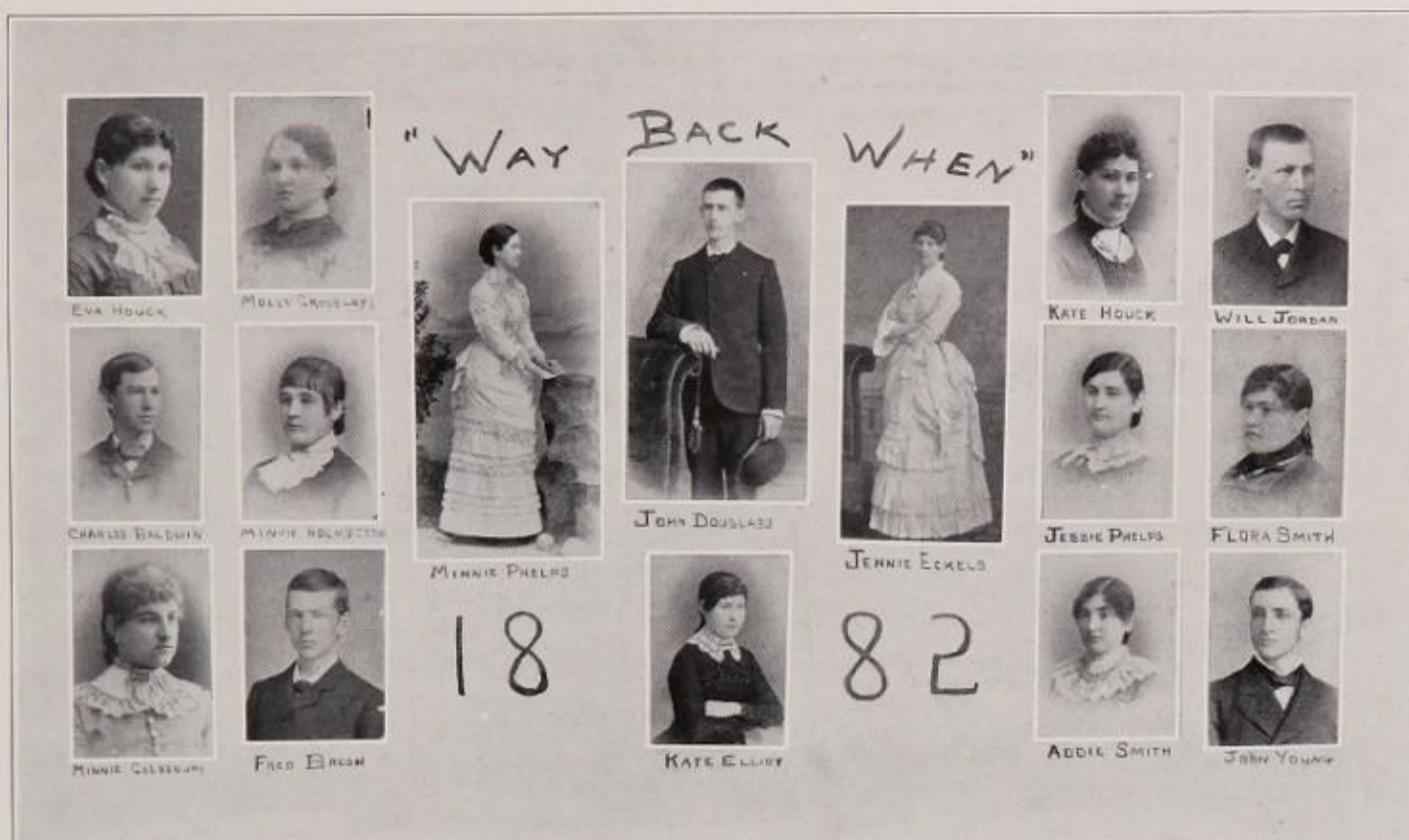
Thus, even though we may be called "dumb" and "green," we are really progressing and aiming upward.

THE TIGER





O.W. Skinner.



The Inquiring Reporter Interviews The Class of Fifty Years Ago

Four members of the fifty year class were seated in the living room of the home of one of them. They were eagerly discussing old times and enjoying themselves to the utmost when I entered the room and sat down with my pencil and paper.

"Tell me all about what you did when you were in High School," I said, "for I want some real information for this year's Tiger."

And so they began, all talking at once. It was all I could do to get the facts down, but by using a shorthand all my own, I did succeed and will relate to you what I learned.

There were sixteen members in the graduating class that year. Of these all but five are still living. There were only five boys in the class so there were two girls for every fellow. They had only one party and this was after Commencement when the Principal, Mr. McDougall, entertained the Faculty and the graduating class. At that time there were nine members on the Faculty.

Among their social activities, if you care to call them such, was a Senior Class Play. They gave a very thrilling play, entitled "Out in the Street," wherein the heroine, a widow, with one little daughter, was cast out in the street because she could not pay the rent. Fortunately her long lost brother arrived at the right moment and all turned out lovely. Another activity was the Sophomore Prize Reading Contest where the contestants read selections prepared by them beforehand and then were given a paragraph from an encyclopedia to read. This contest was held immediately after school



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and was quite an informal affair but one which aroused enthusiasm. In the Junior year another prize contest was held. This was a Declamation contest where all the rules of elocution held sway. In contrast to the one of the previous year, this was quite formal and was held in the evening.

Each class met in its own room and the Seniors were the privileged group, for they sat at the tables, four at each, and each one had a drawer for his or her possessions. One of the coveted privileges was to go to the Library, whenever one cared to, without having to ask permission. No one was in charge of the Library, which made the privilege much more desirable. In the Library was an ornament in the shape of a tombstone, which some of the boys delighted in dropping on the floor. Whenever this occurred, the Seniors lost all Library privileges for the time being.

Chapel services were daily occurrences. On the first day of school a member of the Board of Education always made a few remarks. On one such occasion, John Howard Bryant read the poem, "To a Waterfowl," which his brother had written. At another opening session one of the members was called upon for a few remarks. He arose, stated that he had not expected to make a speech and was entirely unprepared. Then he reached into his inside coat pocket and drew out a most carefully prepared speech, which he proceeded to deliver and which was quite lengthy. The regular services were in charge of the Principal. The Faculty all sat on the platform where they could keep an eagle eye on the pupils. The service consisted of music, the reading of a Psalm, often read responsively, and a prayer. In addition to this, the Seniors during the course of the year had to deliver an original essay. Because the class was small, it meant that each member had to give three or four such essays. The underclassmen recited poems in their own rooms and had such favorites as "Excelsior" and the enlightening little poem, "I Had a Little Awl."

There were only three courses of study—the Classical, which required Greek and Latin; the Latin course, which required four years of Latin; and the English course, which required at least two years of either Latin or German. There were no Physical Education classes but an Indian Club class was started for any who cared to pay for the lessons. At the end of the class, a public program was given, and what is more—the instructor married one of the pupils!

Commencement was a *big day!* This was the thirteenth Commencement and was held in the Opera House. It was an unlucky thirteenth for it poured rain all day. Each of the sixteen graduates gave a graduation essay on such subjects as "The Indian," "Success," "Simon Says 'Thumbs Up,'" "The Despotism of Fashion," "Harmony," and "What Came Ye Out For to See?" After every three or four speeches, there was music. At the close of each essay, someone from the rear of the room would come forward bringing up flowers to the speaker from interested friends. These flowers were put on the platform and claimed by the owners at the close of the program. The essays were judged and a prize of ten dollars was given to the winner, who, in this case, was Jennie Eckels, with honorable mention to Jessie Phelps. At this time the highest scholarship record determined the salutatorian and the valedictorian was chosen by vote of the class. John Douglass was valedictorian and Minnie Holmstrom gave the salutatory.

"But didn't you have some interesting class room experiences?" I asked them.

They were loath to tell tales on themselves, but I finally did manage to pry out these two. One of the girls was whispering in class one day and Professor McDougall



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said, "Keep still and I'll give you a penny." At the close of the class she claimed her fortune. In Mr. Leslie's German class some of the pupils were using the time to prepare the lesson for the following period. When questioned why they did this, they explained that they didn't consider German as important as the other subjects. Whereupon Mr. Leslie determined to make them feel the importance of German by telling them that he hadn't intended to give them a final examination but now he would give them one they would never forget. Apparently they hadn't forgotten!

When asked if they had anything to say to the present student body, they gave me this message: "Tell the underclassmen to follow our Class motto, 'Able and Willing.' To the Seniors express our earnest wishes for success in the future. May life be full of happiness for them as it has been for us so that fifty years from now they may have as many happy memories as we have."

Senior Chronicle



And it came to pass in the year 1907 that much people entered the P. H. S., many more than had hitherto been received into those portals at one time. In the course of weeks this people assembled. Alas, they were young, so young! With much tumult they elected a king who should rule over them. He rules today, the honored Shorty Pierson. And the people chose purple and white as their emblems. And it was good.

And it came to pass that the next year a new king must be elected. And it was so. And they called his name Hickie. And the length of his reign was nine months.

And it was the third year. And Spike succeeded to the mighty kingdom of the Sophomores. And after several months was the Sight-Reading Contest; and they had a banquet; and this people was so great that no friends could be invited; and the Freshmen were sore.

And it came to pass that this people lived yet another year and Hickie again took the throne. And in the course of months this people had a party. And it befell likewise that the Seniors had a party and Hickie was kidnaped, causing much wrath to be kindled in the Junior camp. And war arose. Much battle was fought and there was great slaughter on either hand. And that year this people put to flight the Seniors and caused them to graduate under purple and white.

And now befell the last year. It chanced that on a certain night this people had a circus. And a circus it was and ever shall be so remembered, world without end. And it came to pass that this people chose pins amidst great tumult and amidst peace do wear them. And a few months afterwards was Junior day and a great war was waged and this people gained the victory. Then came spring vacation and peace was made. A few more weeks . . . then dust and ashes. And altogether this people ruled five years since they first sought the P. H. S.

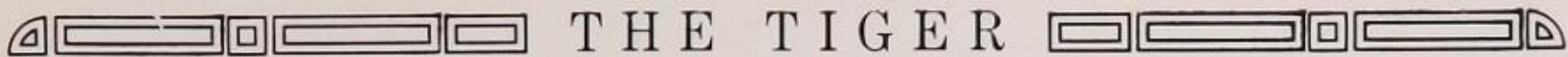
—1912 ANNUAL

A Semi-Annual Soliloquy



"To flunk or not to flunk, that is the question;
Whether 'tis better for the mind to suffer
The tongue lashings of outrageous teachers,
Or to take up regular habits of study,
And by much cramming end them? To grind, to cram
No more; and by a grind to find we end
Instructors' scolding and a thousand various jibes
A flunker's heir to; 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To cram, to grind,
To grind, perchance yet fail; ay, there's the rub;
For in the last exam what questioning may come.
When we have shuffled up the winding stairs,
Must give us pause; there's the respect
That makes anxiety of so long life.
For who would bear the slams and jibes of sharks,
The teachers' lectures and the pitying smiles
That tell of conscious and superior disdain
When he himself might his salvation gain
By crafty means? Who would censures bear
To be conditioned or perhaps dropped back
But for the fear of something afterward?
The unknown fate or unlooked for disgrace
From which no recreant returns, puzzles the will
And makes us rather take what chance we have
Than risk another that we know not of.

—1912 ANNUAL



THE TIGER

1907

The Class of '07 were very musical. One of its members in going over some possessions ran across the Class Song. We ask you, "Isn't it something?"

CLASS SONG OF '07

I.

When into this High School we came,
Each with a little narrow brain,
We had many things to conquer
And were looked on with disdain.
All the classes did regard us
As though we were far from harvest,
But 'twas then the teachers helped us
Out our sad and gloomy path.

LITTLE CHORUS

O! the Senior Class it was our aim,
Thinking we would win much fame,
Thereby to win a name.
Hurrah! Hurrah! We hit the line quite hard,
And that's going some for the young Preps, by gum.
The black and gold, we then were told,
Could get there just as well as not.

CHORUS

We're a proud and lofty class, through this world we
will pass,
With our colors the black and the gold,
We will wave them high into the sky—
A banner that ne'er shall grow old.
Every member true will do justice to you,
We will fight for the right through a few.
Should old acquaintance be forgot—
Keep your eye on the Class of '07.

II.

Through a feeling of inspiration,
We have now gained graduation.
In our many cares and labors we have conquered all
with care.
With the midnight oil a-burning,
We have gained a lot of learning.
And from us it ne'er can sever though all else
should go astray.

LITTLE CHORUS

Here's a class of fourteen members,
That when we shall start will do our part.
Hurrah! Hurrah! for every one of us.
We are good stuff—that is no bluff.
The black and gold their hearts shall hold
In deep sincerity.

THE TIGER



Two Members of the Class of Fifteen Years Ago Indulge in Reminiscences

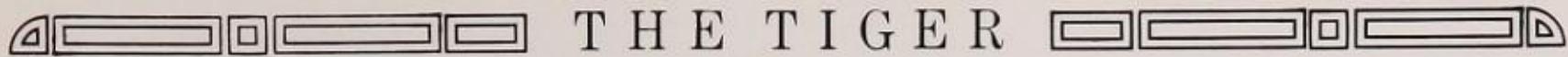
"A" and "B," two members of the illustrious Class of '17, were sitting on my front porch, chatting and laughing. "B" is a relative of mine, who gets home occasionally, and "A" is a near neighbor of ours. She always manages to come over when "B" is home and their tongues go at a terrific rate. I sat just inside by the porch window where I could keep an ear on their conversation and thus secure something that might make interesting material for the Annual. I had my notebook handy and my trusty fountain pen ready to jot down all information that floated through the open window.

"Do you remember that time we went by train to Kewanee to the football game?" "A" was speaking. "Kewanee surely gave us a royal welcome but their ardor cooled when we defeated them so badly."

"And I'll never forget the way we bumped our way on the Interurban to Spring Valley to a game." This from "B." "I honestly was so near a case of *mal de mer* that I was afraid I'd never arrive safely. And then when we were beaten, well, it made the home journey even worse."

"I never think of a football game but what I see Hank Skinner with his dislocated shoulder. It just couldn't stay put somehow."

"That reminds me. Do you remember that southeast corner in the old study hall where the Seniors held forth? Clay did his bit to make that corner lively."



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"Remember the day Mr. Spurrier told us that we should always stand when the "Star Spangled Banner" was played?"

"Yes, and when the Chorus started to practice it in the Libe, all that corner of the study hall stood up. Wasn't Miss X mad? And Mr. Spurrier couldn't say a thing."

"We had lots of fun practicing for the Senior Class play. I sure was glad when we decided to give something that wasn't Shakespearian though "Prunella" wasn't so far from it. Those old-fashioned outfits the aunts wore were rare! And the mummers' costumes were good, too."

"I can see Anne Clark as Prunella coming down the ladder to run away with the mummers. And we had more fun when the caste went down to a restaurant at the North End for a feed after the play."

"Our parties were heaps of fun. That one at Opal Gildermaster's was the best of all. You remember we predicted that Ellis Pratt and Eunice Green would be the first of the class to be married after they came so late to that party. Wonder what ever became of that class prophecy?"

"Do you remember that kids' party at Jean's? As long as I live, I'll remember Mr. Spurrier in his Dutch boy outfit. I was so sure those trousers would split when he was down on the floor playing jacks."

Gales of laughter interrupted the tale and I hoped frantically that they would go on. This was proving most interesting. The laughter ceased and "A" began.

"Speaking of parties, I had heaps of fun at the Leap Year party we had our Junior year. It sure was fun dating the boys. And then when we walked them all over town, they did get suspicious."

"Then there were our banquets. We sure had a lot of them. I never will forget how we picked and picked and picked violets some more trying to decorate with purple and white—our class colors. That was for the Sophomore Banquet, I think."

"And in that awful sight reading contest that preceded the big banquet, I made a brilliant remark. I read aeventulian for antedeluvian and would have given a lot to have had the floor open up and let me fall through to the cellar somehow."

I was beginning to wonder if they ever did anything serious. But I didn't have to wonder long. This time it was "B" who gave the desired information.

"We used to have some terribly hard exams in Chemistry. Mr. Burns said that no girl had enough brains to understand Chemistry. I often wondered how I ever made a 93 on that final exam. Still I didn't do so badly in college Chem."

"Oh, you were always smart. I never saw any one who could do Math like you did. And the way you remembered dates in Ancient History was beyond me. I never will forget that test when Miss Hines gave us fifty dates."

I thought to myself at this juneture that I would probably have passed out of the picture if one of my teachers had asked for fifty dates on one exam. And I rejoiced

THE TIGER

that I was in school now rather than in the so-called good old days.

"One thing I shall remember as long as I live and that was the talk Mr. Spurrier gave us in assembly the day after America declared war on Germany. Nor will I forget Commencement when Raymond Gyger was in his uniform."

"That was a nice Commencement though. We started the idea of six pupils giving speeches rather than an outsider. Guess we were too poor to get an outsider."

"Oh, I wouldn't say we were poor. We just did the patriotic thing and bought a Liberty Bond for the school with the money that ordinarily would have gone to the speaker."

"Let's see—who did make those speeches? I remember singing in the Senior Girls' Chorus. I know Russell Brokaw was the Valedictorian and Lydia Baldwin gave the Salutatory but I can't think of the others."

"Leon Rambo was President of the class so he gave one of them. I'll run over to the house and get my memory book. It's got every one's speech in and lots more things. Then we'll know who they were."

I hoped she would hurry because I was expecting a telephone call any minute. She was back in no time and with her was a rather dilapidated book, which looked as though it had seen much service. The two girls bent eagerly over the book.

"Perry Piper talked on "The Patriotism of the Soldier." I remember now they were all patriotic."

"I took my memory book to College with me, and one day in Speech I pretended I was addressing a group of women and I got a lot of material from the speech on "The Patriotism of the Women," which was the subject Inez Johnson used for Commencement."

"Mildred Meyers gave the other one. Hers was on "The Development of Patriotism." My, this all brings 1917 back again!"

"Look at this picture. There you are. Did you ever see such outfits? I can't ever believe we looked like that."

"Just look at this one." And they were off again in gales of laughter. I could only get a word now and then. I had gotten plenty of material. The telephone rang, the call I'd been waiting for, so I put up my note book and pen and went on my way with a clear conscience.





M.W. Skinner

THE TIGER

EGGS BY MISTAKE

Although this story is a true incident in my life, it is told in this form only to make it appear more amusing. The story itself is as told by an old man to his "cronies" as they are sitting around the stove in a little country store on a cold winter night.

"Wall, b'ys, you have all told your funny little jokes and stories, so now I'll tell mine. Jim, move that old can a little closer, I can't spit that far any more since I lost this other front tooth. As I was sayin', it was way back in the good old days when these new fangled wood and iron things, called incubators, was a novelty. In those days the farmer's wife would set what we called 'chicken' hens.

"Wal, my maw had just taken off a bunch of old hens with their little chickens and leavin' me feed the bad eggs to the pigs. Bill, get your feet off the stove; th'ar beginnin' to smell powerful strong. As I was sayin', my maw left me feed the pigs these bad eggs, which was great sport for me. Yer know it's funny how a yonker can get a lot of enjoyment out of somethin' if he thinks he is doin' somethin' big. Well, I surely thought I was doin' somethin' big and so did the pigs. The next day I did somethin' even bigger in my own estimation. Give me a chaw of that new plug of baccey, Hal. Thanks. As I was sayin', my new enterprise was big in my own sight but not in my maw's.

"I was busy makin' trips to the hog stable, then to the chicken house, and then back to the hog stable again. My maw didn't think much of it at first, but when I kept it up she decided to investigate. While I was inside the 'henry,' she slipped out of the house and around the corner. Wal, when I came around that same corner on my way to the hog stable, I was suddenly brought to a full halt. It didn't take over one look for her to see what I was doin'. You shore guessed right, Jake. I was feedin' her good eggs to the pigs just to hear the shells crack when they ate 'em. Come on, Rover, I'll finish my story some other time, b'ys."

—GEORGE LEID, '33

BEATEN

I never was so miserable in all my life. It seemed as if the whole world was in a jumble and would never straighten out again. Would these two weeks ever end? It seemed certain that they would not. Of course, my aunt and uncle and cousins were good to me, but that simply wasn't the point. I wanted to go home and go quickly.

"Jane," called Aunt Sue, "don't you want to visit the zoo with your uncle?"

There it was. They were trying to get my mind off my feelings again. Well, that was useless. "I know what I'll do," I thought. "Since I don't want to go to the zoo, I'll get sick. How can I do it? Why will I really have to get sick at all? I'll just pretend I don't feel well." With these thoughts in my mind, I climbed quietly into bed.

"Jane! Jane!"

Heavens, my aunt was still calling me. "What do you want, Aunt Sue?" I murmured weakly, just as though I didn't know what she wanted. When I heard her coming into the room, I turned over and closed my eyes.

"Why, child!" she exclaimed, "what on earth is the matter?"

"I guess I don't feel so well," I replied meekly.

"Well, that's too bad, dear, because we were planning to take you home tomorrow."

Strange as it may seem, I recovered very quickly from my illness.

—PHYLISS HEWITT, '35

THE TIGER

MY FIRST ENCOUNTER WITH A ROBBER

Bong! Bong! Thus rang out the old Grandfather clock down in the old front hall. Dazed, I listened to the last ghostly bong. Then, raising myself on my elbow, I listened. Surely no one was up at this "ungodly" hour of the night. Yet again I heard the same stealthy sound from below, but who could be about at this hour?

"They must be barefooted," I guessed aloud. About this time I had gained full control of my wits, and slipping as quietly as possible from my warm bed, I slipped across the room to investigate about this mysterious stranger.

"It must be one of those dreadful, law-fearless gangsters," I thought with a thrill of fear running up and down my back. Just then, wham! I had fallen over a stool in my path. Nursing my poor feet, I continued on, but first throwing the small stool I had stumbled over as far as the room permitted. That was a poor idea. I knew that the robber must have heard it, and had probably flown.

Pulling myself together, I pushed on the door. Locked! By this time I was on the verge of a breakdown. Just then a rough voice exclaimed, "Who's in dat dere room? Answer me, or I'll fill ya full of lead."

Taking one deep breath, I decided to have it out. Grabbing a toy revolver, I found near at hand, I boldly shouted, "If you don't get out of here in one minute, I'll shoot." To my great surprise, he turned on his heels and went.

Heaving a big sigh, I expanded my chest; and as coolly as possible, I stalked from the door after timidly unlocking it. I immediately lit all the lights; and, as there was nothing else to do, I crept back to bed, but not to sleep.

The only "fault" of my experience is that no one believes me, and says that I was only dreaming it. Perhaps I was, but I still get a thrill when I review that terrible night. Do you believe me? You can figure the truth out for yourself.

—ELINOR WILSON, '33

PRACTICING ART

It was nearly time for me to go on the stage and there I sat amidst all the new beauty creations I could possibly find. For some reason or other, I couldn't get the vanishing cream applied with the correct motion.

"Let me see," I muttered to myself, "what next?"

After a lengthy consultation of the most recently published beauty book, I decided that rouge should go on next. After applying a few dabs it did not suit. With a disgusted look in the mirror, I decided that it would have to be washed off. I washed and washed only to find that it returned with a much brighter hue.

In reaching for the powder, I upset the entire box. It took me quite a while to clean it up. The manager was an old stingy, who did not want us to waste anything, so I felt that I had committed a great sin.

After cleaning up my mess, I again tried to revive my lost beauty. This time the rouge was correctly applied, my eyebrows were correctly brushed, the lipstick gave my lips the appearance of rose buds, and the finishing touches were given a perfect make-up.

About this time the call boy came to my dressing door.

"Lillian, what on earth are you doing? Why aren't the dishes washed?"

—LILLIAN HOOVER, '34

THE TIGER

BUYING A BARGAIN

As a general rule, I'm not a bargain hunter, but there are certain combinations which even I can not resist. One of them is two very pretty but insistent damsels selling magazines at bargain prices.

It was a sultry July afternoon. Sales resistance was at its lowest ebb. At this psychological moment I was approached by a pair of imposters, whose womanly intuition evidently served them well in the selection of a victim. To the casual observer they appeared to be a pair of silly but harmless flappers, but actually they were representatives of an obnoxious species—that of "High Powered Salesman." The approach was casual—deceivingly so. I was first treated to a coy bowering of heavily-beaded eyelashes, and then completely disarmed with a pair of dazzling smiles.

"What an unusually intelligent looking young man!" whispered the fair one to her Dark Accomplice. It was a sibilant stage whisper, with some of the carrying qualities of a small fire siren. Innocently I looked around. There was no one there. Suddenly it dawned upon me—I was the "Intelligent Young Man!" (After an approach like this, one's hat is usually found to be several sizes too small.) Blushing furiously, I returned a magazine to "The Dark Accomplice," which she had accidentally dropped.

"Thank you. Doubtlessly you read a great deal of good literature?" Her voice fairly dripped with sweetness. Beaming benevolently, I agreed.

"Then you'll certainly be interested in a subscription to one of our most popular magazines." It was the Fair One who spoke this time. She held out a copy of the Ladies' Home Journal. I looked dubious.

"Note the beautiful illustrations, the clear fine text, the interesting stories. It is a magazine being read more and more by intelligent males," reassured the Dark Accomplice.

By this time I was ready to buy anything from the "Needlecraft" to the "The Christian Herald." And so I exchanged ninety-nine perfectly good cents for a card entitling me to a year's subscription to the Ladies Home Journal.

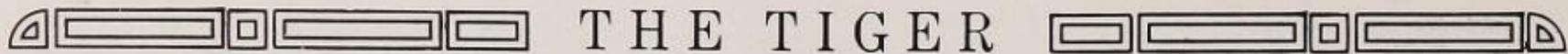
Six years have passed. I still await the arrival of my "Ladies Home Journal."

—KERMIT HANSEN, '34

THE UNKNOWN FOE

There it came again! The low muffled sound which sent the blood pounding through my body. I tried to scream for help, but my heart had already jumped up into my throat. I peered into the darkness of the hall wondering what unknown monster was lingering in its eerie shadows, when I perceived a vague shape slowly advancing toward me. How was I to defend myself? There was no weapon at hand, but as my searching gaze traveled around in the inky blackness of the room, I saw a pair of shoes lying a little way from where I was. Cautiously I groped for them in the darkness. Were they too far away from my reach? No, my hand touched one and I picked it up slowly. I raised it above my head. Crash! A scream! I threw back the covers and leaped out of bed. Running feet came toward my room. My mother and father broke into the room with frightened eyes and turned on the lights which illuminated the room. As I hunted for my victim, I saw shattered glass lying beneath the window. Running to the window, I saw my shoe lying on the ground below. Then I realized that I had been the victim of a nightmare.

—FLETA NELSON, '33



THE TIGER

SUPERSTITIOUS?

Friday, the thirteenth! Seven forty-five was the time! The Junior Play was about to begin! This was the scene that confronted me, a boy of fifteen. I had been on "needles and pins" for the last week and the preceding night had failed to sleep. Was I ever excited? I was sure I would forget my lines. The coach had told me of a boy whose collar-button broke, and let his collar come off. My heart goes out to him because I know how he felt.

Seven forty-five came and went. The time was close at hand. I made my first appearance in a golf suit, and after I had left the stage, I had to doff this for a clergymen's outfit. It was the kind that has a black vest and a collar that goes on backward. That collar was what created the disturbance. But wait! I'll tell you all about it.

I had no more than put away the golf suit when some one told me that I had to hurry. This made me excited, as I believed that I was just about ready to enter. Jumping into the trousers and shirt, I began a hurried search for the collar. Not being able to find it, I put on a collar that was supposed to go on forwards. This made a kind of terrible pull on the collar, and so I felt nervous. Next my helper didn't get the collar fastened properly. My collar was just about unbuttoned, and when I entered the stage, I walked over to a sofa to sit down, and it was then that I felt a sudden snap. I felt something crawling up along my neck and heard the crowd snicker. The snicker grew into a laugh, and the laugh became a roar.

At the end of the first act, the right collar was found and the old one was put away. Everything was all right afterwards, but that was one break that couldn't be forgotten. The next day a friend told me that if he were I, he wouldn't wear a collar again. But I still think that it was because it was Friday, the thirteenth.

—OWEN CHURCH, '33

THE SAME NAME

"6-2-8, please," I said as I took up the receiver.

"Hello! Is Dorothy there?" I asked.

"Yes, she is," came the voice over the phone.

"May I speak to her, please?" I continued.

"Soon another voice saying "Hello," was heard from the other end of the wire.

"Hello, Dorothy," I answered. "I could hardly wait until you got home to call you up. I just heard something about that which we talked of on the way home."

"What do you mean?" came over the wire.

"Why, that party last night at Ruth's you know Helen told me that that scandal was untrue. Well, somebody else that was there just told me—"

"I'm sorry," interrupted the voice over the phone, "but I don't know what you are talking about. To whom do you wish to speak?"

"Why, aren't you Dorothy Smith?" I asked.

"No, I am not," came back the voice.

"Oh! I'm sorry. I must have the wrong number," I explained, and hung up the receiver.

—MARGARET MAYCOX, '35

THE TIGER

FIVE MINUTES IN PRISON

There was a chilling click that struck terror into my heart as the lock fell into place. I had climbed into a nail chest and closed the lid, forgetting that it would lock. I was panic stricken, because try as I would, I could think of no way to get out of the chest. I knew also that I could not remain alive in that air-tight chest very long. What was I to do? My mother and father were quite a distance from the chest which was standing near the house. They would not miss me for a while, and even when they did, they would not think of looking in the chest.

As I could not stand up in the chest, I tried to push the lid up with my back. It was useless. A dozen people of my size could not have pushed that lid open. Thinking that I would surely die, I started to scream for help. This only made things worse as it worked my already jagged nerves into a frenzy. I commenced beating upon the inside of the chest and shouting as hard as my pair of "A number one" lungs would allow me. Suddenly I heard voices in the yard. My mother had come to the house to get something, and hearing a peculiar noise she started looking around for me. When she did not see me anywhere, she became really frightened and started looking in earnest. I called and called to her, but she could not discover where my voice was coming from. I think she went past my prison at least four times before she realized where I was. At last she stopped by the chest. Then the heartfelt thanks that I felt as I once again gazed into her face and the blessed daylight! You know that old saying that you never miss your friends until after you have lost them. That is exactly the way I felt as I stepped from the chest, where I had been a prisoner for five minutes.

—ANNE MILLER, '33

THE COFFIN

"Air! Air! I must have air! Where on earth am I? What is that sweet smell?"

I moved my hand and touched a bouquet; moved it again and touched another.

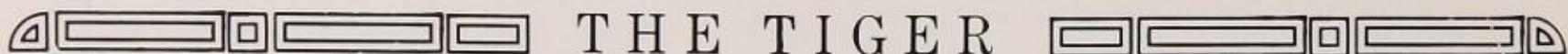
"Why, it smells like a funeral. I wonder—Oh! Heavens! It couldn't be that! No! I couldn't be dead. I wouldn't feel like this. Why, my heart is beating. They must be crazy to think I'm dead."

As I raised my head to try to see where I actually was, I bumped my head on the top of the casket. With that resounding crack, it all came back to me. I had been very ill, desperately ill for several weeks. They had taken me for dead and I was at my own funeral. Frantically I pushed and pushed, trying to open the coffin. My struggle must have been too much for my weak body for I slipped into unconsciousness and remembered nothing until I was being lowered into my grave.

"Careful, men. Careful there. Watch it," the undertaker's words came through the coffin.

I was swinging in space. Faintly I could hear some one pray. I was being lowered into my own grave alive. I must let them know before it was too late. Kicking, screaming, beating, I tried to make them hear me. The coffin was still. They had heard my pounding. Saved at last. But no, I had just reached the bottom of my grave. Clump! Clump! Went the dirt as it was shoveled in. Faster and faster came the dirt. Louder and louder I pounded. I awoke to find plaster falling on my head. My severe pounding had loosened it from the wall.

—MADGE LAMB, '34



THE TIGER

DEATH OF A MODEL "T" FORD

The old Model "T" Ford staggered once, gave a violent lurch forward, then slumped in its tracks. We were at the foot of a hill, which to that ancient remnant of automobile, must have assumed mammoth proportions. To make matters worse, the car stood up to its hubs in sand.

We were down in the Mississippi river bottoms, five miles from the nearest paved road and about an equal distance from a little river town which lay straight ahead over the hill. We, the Model "T" and I, had been rolling merrily along the sandy road until, for some unaccountable reason, one cylinder ceased to function, then another went out, and finally the Ford had slumped to a stop at the foot of the hill.

Now to complete the little party, giant clouds were rolling toward us from the southwest. After several futile attempts to start the car with the crank, the battery being dead, I stood wondering what to do next.

If the car had been an animal or a human, I believe I would have beaten it within an inch of its life. However, as it was composed chiefly of tin and pig iron, all I could do was lash it with a string of very choice uncomplimentary adjectives. This seemed to be the stimulus needed for the Model "T" started on two cylinders on the next quarter turn. After a few minutes all four cylinders came in and I determined to make the old wreck climb the hill.

I will not go into how we made the hill. The fact remains we reached the top just as the storm burst upon us. Never had I seen such rain! By peering around outside the windshield, I was barely able to see to drive. After traveling about half a mile, the car climbed a little rise in the road and came to a standstill on a bridge over a little creek which had been transformed into a raging flood by the rain. Already the water was lapping hungrily over the edge of the bridge and up between the planks. I decided immediately that this was a very unhealthy place for us to park. Should the bridge be washed out, we would have found it very embarrassing to find ourselves parked on a creek bottom with water pouring in on all sides. I attempted to push the car into the road but I found that moving a Model "T" Ford in a rain storm is a very difficult task. I decided to leave the Ford to its fate and run for safety. I came to this conclusion none too soon for I had scarcely reached solid ground when the torrent of water carried the bridge and the car down the stream. I turned just in time to see the Ford lifted by a wave. The car seemed to pause a moment in the air, looking at me as much as to say, "You've deserted me." Then it turned over slowly on to its top, then into a watery grave.

—TONY MAIDMENT, '34

MY FIRST PAIR OF SKATES

As I was adjusting my skates for the first time, I thought, "Well, this is going to be easy." I stood up and took a step forward. My feet went out from under me and down I went. I arose rather unsteadily, but said to myself, "That will never happen again. I was just caught off balance." I started again. This time I made sure there were posts or bushes where I could catch myself if I started to fall, but for some reason those skates didn't want to stay under my feet. I skated until I had covered one block in actual measurement and about two more up and down. My patience exhausted, I removed the skates and walked home. It was a long time before I taught the skates how to behave.

—DAN FINN, '35

THE TIGER

FOLLY OF A FLY

One evening as I sat pondering over the waywardness of the world in general and in particular over the waywardness of a teacher who would require that I write a term paper of one thousand words, I beheld a fly crawling slowly about the top of my ink bottle—and such a fly! Sweet, maidenly, graceful, a perfect lady she seemed to my casual glance. But as I gave her a more careful scrutiny, I shuddered and reached into my pocket to clutch more tightly the two pennies I had been saving for a postage stamp. In spite of her shy manner and timid blushes, there was an air about her which told me plainly that underneath that gentle exterior was a heart of steel, the heart of a born gold digger.

My study of the maiden fly was interrupted by the appearance of another fly. He was of the type commonly known as the horse fly. He was carelessly dressed and his beard was long and unkempt. Apparently woman had not yet come into his life. His manner was that of the rural character who has come to the city armed with wealth and a desire to see the sights.

Just as I had expected, when the maiden saw him a steely glint appeared in those coy eyes. He had seen her and was staring at her in open-mouthed wonder, apparently bewildered by her dazzling beauty. While he gazed, she slipped and fell into the ink bottle. A well laid trap, I thought to myself.

He was galvanized into action immediately. With courage and rapidity he flew to the top of the ink bottle, crawled cautiously down a pen holder, which was fortunately resting in the bottle, extended a wing for her to grasp, and pulled her up to the safety of the pen holder—a point of safety which she could easily have reached without his aid had she so desired.

As they emerged from the bottle, she gazed upon him adoringly with eyes that seemed to say, "Oh, you big handsome he-man, I think you're wonderful!"

That look was not wasted. It had a devastating effect upon him. He seemed strangely ill at ease. He wished he had dressed more carefully. That beard did look untidy. Oh, well, hadn't she fallen for him just as he was? Wait until she saw him when he was dressed up. Then he would "knock her eyes out."

Realizing that her catch was almost complete, she came very close to him, bestowing upon him her most angelic glance. He seemed suddenly to lose his reason. An expression of contented imbecility crept across his features. His eyes grew dreamy. He sniffed joyfully. He was in love.

This was her cue. A deft movement of her wing transferred his wallet from under his wing to a safe place under hers. His love dream was so pleasant that he did not realize what was happening.

I thought I heard a voice say, "So long, Rube," as she flew away. He must have heard it too, for he suddenly noticed her departure, felt for his wallet, gave a cry of dismay, and flew after her in hot pursuit, leaving me to study on undisturbed.

Barnum was right. There is one born every minute, even among flies.

—ALDEAN DUFFIELD, '32



THE TIGER

THEME FOR ENGLISH!

The girl next to me groaned. I awoke with a start. Where was I? Oh, yes, English.

"Theme for English," whispered my next-door neighbor. I immediately began to rack what served as my brain, for a suggestion or two that would later develop into a story. No bright idea caught my fancy so I promptly forgot the subject.

After school I went to my locker, whistling, my mind innocent of anything called a theme. The "girl-friend" disgustedly remarked, "Well, what are you whistling about, with a horrid old theme due tomorrow?"

My tuneful whistle died a strangled death as all my dreams fell in pieces around me. I had intended to go to the show, but now, oh, "gosh," a theme!

* * * * *

The last dish was put away and my mother said, "Get busy on your studying and then listen to the radio later."

I sat down, with all my materials before me. Pen, ink, pencil, and theme paper but no idea. What is a theme without an idea? Nothing, I'm afraid.

Five sheets of paper were wasted in trying out different thoughts that "flopped." Oh, dear, what ever shall I write about! Why, under the sun, did we have to have a theme when you could not even think of a plot? Why were they ever invented?

No more paper—I crumpled up three mutilated sheets and threw them across the room and followed it with a pencil. Then I arose, walked over in the same direction—to pick them up.

With an obvious yawn, I sauntered to bed, determined to write my theme the next morning!

—VIRGINIA SWARTSLEY, '33

A SENIOR MEDITATION

Lives of great men all remind us,
As we pass along our way—
That it's best to get our grades up,
Before Commencement day.

Grades, so that perhaps another,
Trudging homeward in the rain,
Will return and get his Shakespeare
And make an effort once again.

Let us then be up and working,
And as Freshmen long ago—
With our courses all completed,
Let no mark of suffering show.

—MARIANNE FULLICK, '32

THE TIGER

AN OVERHEARD CONVERSATION

In a sleeping car, of all places! You wouldn't think that people would talk of important matters there, or even if they did so, not loudly enough for the surrounding occupants to hear. There were two men occupying Upper Five. One of these men had a low voice; the other, a rasping one.

"They say that Mulligan, the chief, is quite an expert at finding clues," the one said in a low tone, but clear enough that we could hear. "You didn't leave any? You wore gloves?"

"Well, I should say not. They won't find any of my fingerprints. You can't catch an old bird at the game. Say where's my handkerchief?"

"Under the pillow most likely, for that is where you usually put it. You didn't lose it?" the man said becoming excited. "Why didn't it have our laundry mark on it?"

Then there was a bustle in Upper Five and one of the occupants nearly fell from the berth.

"Well, I guess you didn't leave any clues. Oh, no! And they can't catch an old bird at the game either. I guess we had better head for different directions or Mulligan will be on our heels."

It was quite a coincidence to think that Mulligan himself was on that sleeping car.

—ANN NICHOLS, '35

THE ADVENTURES OF A DIME

"My life adventures started when they wrapped me in a paper package with a few of my pals and sent me to the New York Trust and Savings Bank. I wouldn't advise you to deposit any of your savings in this bank as it has the stuffiest change drawers I've ever been in. The very next day after my arrival, I was handed through the cashier's window to a man dressed in evening clothes. He put me in his wallet, went out to his waiting car and promptly sat down on me. I knew that if he went very far, I would have the life crushed out of me so I applied an old trick. I took out a little electric needle which was connected to a dry cell and pressed it against him. You probably know the sensation. I believe you humans call it burning a hole in one's pocket. It worked, and at the next flower shop he got out and went into the shop to get some flowers. I was handed over the counter in payment for them and entered a dirty, little cash register.

"I remained here for several days and had given up all hope of ever getting out when I was passed on to a man who dropped me carelessly into his pocket. Just as I was beginning to get acquainted with some more loose change, he turned into a book store where I was given to the proprietor, along with some of my newly made friends, in payment for a book.

"Almost as soon as I was in the hands of the proprietor, another customer entered the shop, bought several books on travel and took me with him. We got into a taxi, went to his apartment where he got his bags, and then on to the pier. We boarded a large steamer and I was on my first trip across the ocean. I was quite sick for a while

THE TIGER

going across; in fact, I was so sick that my sides grew dull and my master, taking me from his pocket to pay for a cigar, put me back in favor of a veteran sailor. Arriving in Paris, we went ashore and began touring the city. It's wonderful, folks, the view you can get from a hole in a man's pocket. I saw such places as the Sainte Chapelle, the Cathedral of Notre Dame, the Palace of Versailles, the Eiffel Tower and Napoleon's Tomb. But my master tired of Europe and three months later found me back in the New York Trust and Savings Bank.

"About a year after my return from abroad, an elderly man came into the bank carrying two empty money sacks. He spoke a few words to the cashier, which I could not catch, and the next minute all of the dimes in the change drawer were put into the sacks. The man thanked the cashier profusely and took us out to a waiting limousine. We were taken to a large house and put on a desk before another rather elderly looking man. He took a handful of us, opened a window, and called to a group of boys. When he had attracted their attention, he threw us into the air and we fell among the boys below. I lighted on my edge and rolled down into the gutter. I made no effort to attract any attention as I was quite content to lie there and dream. Hadn't I attained the highest goal possible for a thin dime? Surely I had. I had been thrown away by the mighty John D. Rockefeller."

—KEENE HASENYAGER, '34

HER AUNT

"Oh, Lou!" exclaimed Jane, "I'm to meet that rich Sally Burk's aunt from Boston this afternoon. I'll bet she can outdress anyone around here—even Sally's mother. I imagine her to be a rather young lady, very well clothed, and she probably owns a large car. Oh, Lou, won't that be grand?"

"You sure get the breaks, Jane. Sally and I never really cared for each other. Tell me all about her tomorrow, Jane."

Around the corner came a laughable spectacle. Jogging, then jerking, came an old horse, pulling a two-seated buggy with a queer and aged woman in the front seat.

She was pursued by several small boys, a couple of dogs, and then several older boys. Imagine! A horse and buggy in the modern city of Chicago in 1932. Absurd!

Jane and Lou, two rather giddy girls, decided they would have some fun, or what they considered fun.

Before the lady had time to turn her head around, Lou and Jane had bounced into the rear seat of the buggy and at the same instant they were seeing buildings flying, trolleys running upside down and everything else topsy-turvy.

"Halt, Dobbin!" ordered the woman.

On they dashed—amidst cars, through stop lights, around corners—minus a wheel on the last corner.

"You young rascals will pay for this!" screeched the buggy-driver. "Wait and see. I'll fix you."

Jane and Lou did not hear her last remarks for they were rushing for a mirror.

THE TIGER

They were indeed a sight with their disheveled hair.

Jane had to be at Sally's at four o'clock. Finally at half-past four Jane rang the door bell at Sally's home.

"Oh, hello, Jane," spoke Sally, opening the door. "Come right in. I have a few things to do upstairs yet, but I'll be down in a second. Auntie's in the parlor reading. You may surprise her. She almost knows you, I've told her so much about you. Go right in, Jane."

"All right, Sally."

Jane opened the door lightly, stepping into the room and feeling rather excited and nervous over her buggy ride. And now to meet such a grand lady from Boston!

"Heavenly days!" exploded Jane and she was out the door in a flash.

Jane reached Lou's fifteen minutes later. She ran into the house calling for Lou. Speaking between gasps she called, "Oh, Lou, the chauffeur of our buggy was her aunt!"

—ELEANOR PUTTCAMP, '35

SPEED

I was in a hurry, for I had to meet my friends in an hour, get to the hotel, bathe, eat, and pack my clothing. I stepped on the gas and got up to forty miles an hour. I was thinking all the time that I would make it, when I heard the putt-putt of a motorcycle and a whistle.

"Hey! You skirt, pull over to the curb," bawled a voice from behind.

Very meekly I pulled over, stopped and turned toward the policeman. I knew a heated argument was at hand.

"Say, what do you think you are? Spirit of St. Louis making a non-stop trip around Chicago?" and he glared at me in a most cannibal like manner.

"No, your Honor," I said, trying to control my voice so that I would not appear frightened. This by the way, was the first time I had ever been arrested and the sensation was not particularly delightful.

"Save that forey speech for the judge. Come along. Follow me," was the traffic cop's curt rejoinder.

"Please, officer, I wasn't going over twenty-five miles an hour. I was—"

"Say, I wouldn't no more believe that than if a hard boiled prisoner told me he wanted to be set free to pick daisies for the grandmother's funeral. Come along, lady."

So what could I do but follow? The situation into which I had gotten myself was quite embarrassing, for even the garbage man turned around and laughed, to say nothing of passers-by on the sidewalk.

The next minute I found myself facing the judge.

"My dear young woman, do you plead guilty or not guilty?" he said, sizing me up from head to toe.

"Not guilty, of course," I answered.

THE TIGER

"P-s-t, 'Your Honor,'" whispered the traffic cop, sarcastically in my ear.
"—— Your Honor," I gulped most unbecomingly.

"Your Honor," broke in the officer, "this young lady was hitting forty miles an hour down State Street, mind you!"

"I'll tell you what, madam. I'll give you an hour to gather up your bail and get back here. The charge is fifteen dollars." This from the judge.

Now, I knew very well I couldn't do that for I didn't want to borrow from my friends—I owed them enough already—and all I had with me was ten dollars. I had to do some tall thinking.

"Your Honor, how much will it be if I plead guilty?" said I.

"Ten dollars," came the reply.

"Guilty," I returned.

—DOROTHY PORTER, '35

CHEMISTRY

H-2-O, S-O-2,
H-2-O, S-O-4,
N-A-C-L, P-O-3,
And still there are millions more.

Meters, liters and salt peters,
Tests, explosions, endless oceans
Of the most involved notions,
All make up the Chemistry,
Which, I admit, 's too much for me.

—MARY W. SKINNER, '32



—M.W. Skinner—

THE TIGER



The Tiger Staff

Editor, - - - - -	Audrey Anderson
Assistant Editor, - - - - -	Richard Widmark
Business Manager, - - - - -	Tom Best
Assistants, - - - - -	Gail Castner, Lester Peterson, Kent Cain
Snaps, - - - - -	Dorothy Scott, Arthur Bryant
Athletics, - - - - -	Aldean Duffield, John Scott
Literary, - - - - -	Ina Espel, Iva Espel
Organizations, - - - - -	Minna Lue Hoover
Art, - - - - -	Mary Winifred Skinner, Max Conley
Feature, - - - - -	Evelyn Alpaugh, Helen Louise Hewitt
Junior Representative, - - - - -	Ned Cater

The Annual Staff wish to express its appreciation to Ruth Krone, Iona Baldwin, Dorothy Eckstrom, Peggy Maidment, and Doris Lenihan, who have sold candy, and to the Advanced Typing Class, who have prepared the copy for the printer.



TOP ROW—G. Castner, E. Grampp, A. Carlson, H. Oberg.
 SECOND ROW—A. Duffield, A. Anderson, M. W. Skinner, I. Espel, M. Vance.
 BOTTOM ROW—C. Norberg, M. L. Hoover, I. Espel, L. Hansen, A. Miller, P. Kopp.

National Honor Society

The National Honor Society holds a high place in Princeton High School, because our school wants our students to aspire to something of real worth. Each year the Faculty selects the honored members, judging them according to scholarship, leadership, character, and service.

To be eligible a student must be in the upper third of his class, and from this group the Faculty chooses fifteen per cent of the Seniors and five per cent of the Juniors.

These members who are chosen are entitled to wear the National Honor pin, which is recognized everywhere in the United States. Because this is a national honor league, the National Council determines the rules.

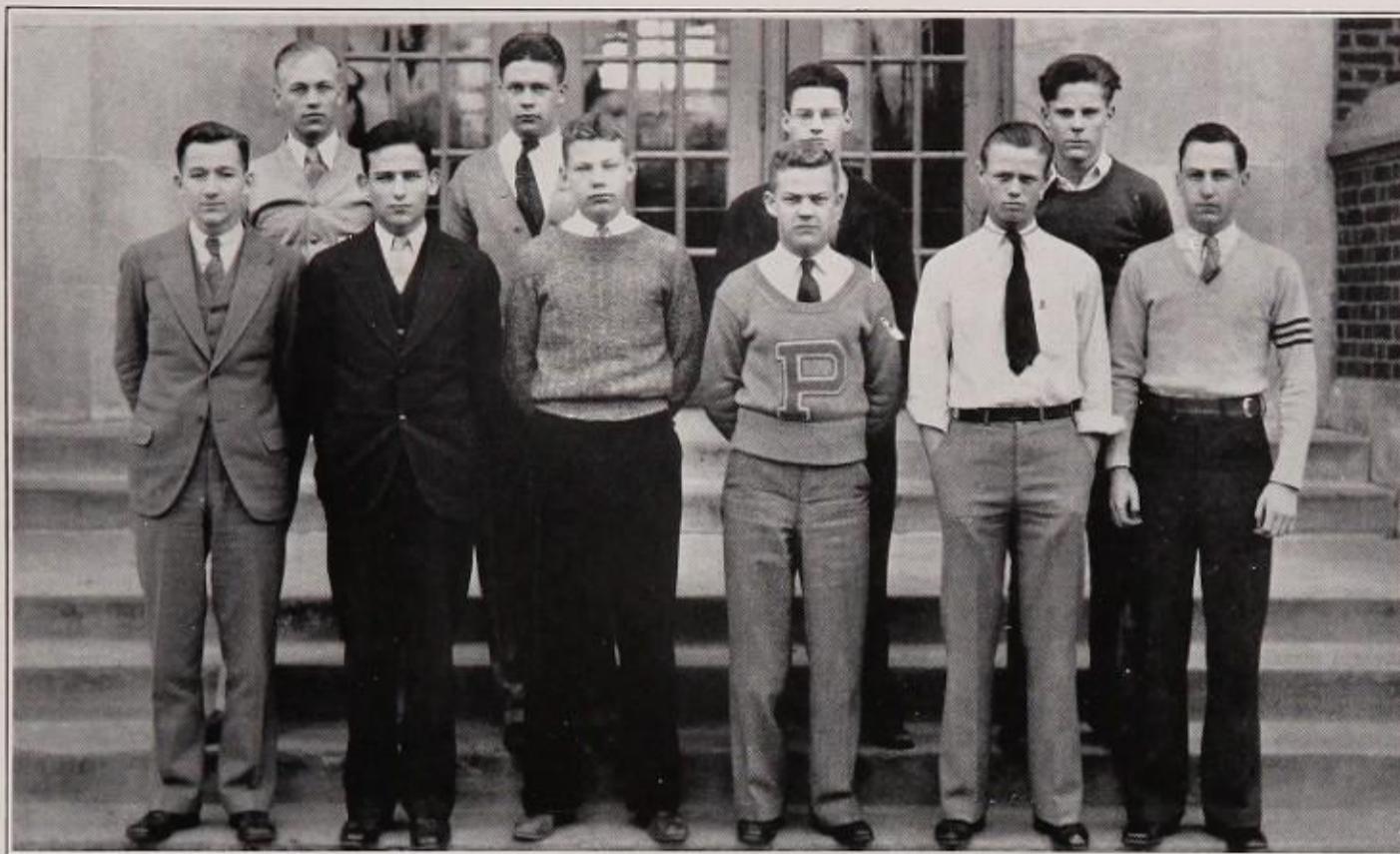
SENIORS

Audrey Anderson	Albert Carlson	Gail Castner	Aldean Duffield	Ina Espel
Iva Espel	Edward Grampp	Lily Hansen	Minna Lue Hoover	
		Mary Winifred Skinner		

JUNIORS

Pauline Kopp	Herbert Oberg	Anne Miller	Cordelia Norberg	Marjorie Vance
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THE TIGER



TOP ROW—B. Grant, L. Peterson, T. Best, C. Miller.
BOTTOM ROW—A. Duffield, K. Cain, T. Maidment, G. Castner, R. Widmark, E. Grampp.

National Athletic Scholarship Society

The National Athletic Scholarship Society is an organization of which Princeton may be proud. For seven years, it has been considered one of the important societies of the high school. There are two requirements for membership in this society. First, an athlete must win at least one athletic letter in some sport. Second, he must, for three preceding semesters, have had his scholastic standing above the school average. It is the purpose of this society to promote higher scholastic records among athletes.

MEMBERS

Tom Best Kent Cain Gail Castner Aldean Duffield Bruce Grant Carmi Miller
Edward Grampp Tony Maidment Lester Peterson Richard Widmark

THE TIGER



TOP ROW—R. Eickmeier, A. Duffield, R. Kopp, M. Vance, C. Norberg,
M. Larson, T. Maidment.
MIDDLE ROW—A. Miller, R. Burrows, D. Chelin, A. Nichols, A. Anderson, V. Washer,
L. Hansen, I. Espel, M. Maycox, R. Sargent, R. Nelson, E. Russman, V. Alpaugh
BOTTOM ROW—D. Espel, S. Klass, E. Wilson, N. Conard, B. Nelson, I. Espel, A. Anderson,
M. Erickson, P. Kopp, B. Middleton.

The A Club



TOP ROW—L. Simon, A. Carlson, M. Johnson, E. Slutz, L. Nelson, R. Hoover.
MIDDLE ROW—E. Kissick, E. Puttcamp, C. Abel, M. Nelson, H. Hartley.
BOTTOM ROW—R. Lavelli, E. Doty, F. Nelson, J. Bouxsein, C. Eckhoff, L. Gross.

THE TIGER



TOP ROW—Mr. Moser, R. Haberkorn, L. Peterson, M. Parker, D. Townsend.
SECOND ROW—T. Best, A. Rapp, A. Brooks, O. Church, R. Aldrich, G. Peterson.
BOTTOM ROW—H. Oberg, P. Johnson, D. Sapp, M. Johnson, P. Schulhof, W. Quanstrom.

Hi-Y Club

The Hi-Y has been a service organization in the Princeton High School for eleven years. The platform of this club is based on four "C's." These are Clean Speech, Clean Athletics, Clean Scholarships, and Clean Living.

The Hi-Y Club is open to all boys who have attended high school for three semesters. This includes Juniors, Seniors, and second semester Sophomores. The officers for this year are as follows:

President,	- - - -	Lester Peterson
Vice-President,	- - - -	Herbert Oberg
Secretary-Treasurer,	- - - -	Kent Cain

Every year the Hi-Y sponsors some activity in order to obtain funds to send one of its members to Camp Seymour. This year the Hi-Y Club published a paper called "The Tiger Critic." The paper was recommended by all who bought it.

The Hi-Y Club also attended the Hi-Y Conference at Mendota and enjoyed a good time. The Club owes its success to its leader, Mr. Moser.

THE TIGER



TOP ROW—S. Eldridge, A. Anderson, I. Espel, E. Lind, R. Nelson, D. Simon, H. L. Hewitt, J. Greene.
SECOND ROW—M. Farwell, C. Abel, D. Espel, D. Arling, M. Steele, R. Johns, E. Brooks, B. Dyke, D. Sloan, V. Pierson, D. Hoover.
THIRD ROW—L. Nelson, D. Garman, H. Hansen, C. Anderson, M. Fullick, A. Westerling, G. Dobson, M. Unholz, L. Hansen, C. Gleason, P. Kopp, A. Anderson, L. Wingate, I. Baldwin, M. Nelson, G. Jacobs, S. Merkley, Miss Malsbury.

Home Economics Club

President,	-	-	Iona Baldwin
Vice-President,	-	-	Saxon Eldridge
Secretary,	-	-	Eleanor Lind
Treasurer,	-	-	Doris Garman

The Home Economics Club is one of the largest clubs in the High School and has a membership of over fifty girls. The major aims of the club are to connect the school project more closely together with the home, and to teach the members to serve better, the home, schools, and the community.

Membership is open to all girls who take Home Economics and who are interested in home making activities. A business meeting and social meeting is combined every month. Among the activities they have carried out this year are the Christmas Rotary Dinner, the Sophomore Banquet, and a Dinner given to the Board of Education. At Thanksgiving time, baskets were filled for the poor families of the community.

THE TIGER



TOP ROW—A. Hubbard, R. Hoover, A. Pihl, M. Gaddie, L. Nelson, C. Burr, C. Miller, R. Bradley, F. Conant, R. Simon, D. Carter, R. Arling, V. Transou, H. Anderson, R. Quickle, J. Bryant, Mr. Fleming.

MIDDLE ROW—C. Albrecht, H. Callinan, B. Jeffers, B. Jeffers, R. Anderson, D. Lane, L. Simon, L. Borop.

BOTTOM ROW—R. Eickmeier, J. Nelson, R. Christiansen, I. Nelson, J. Becker, H. Thulean, E. Swanlund, L. Evelhock.

Future Farmers of America

President,	- - -	John Nelson
Vice-President,	- - -	Richard Simon
Secretary,	- - -	Virden Transou
Treasurer,	- - -	John Becker
Reporter,	- - -	Charles Burr

The Future Farmers of America is a local, state, and national organization of students of Vocational Agriculture.

The purpose of the organization is to promote vocational agriculture in the public high schools; to create more interest in the intelligent choice of farming operations; to create and nurture a love of country life; to encourage recreational and educational activities for students of vocational agriculture; to promote thrift; to encourage the work; to promote scholarship among students of vocational agriculture; and to develop cooperative effort among students; to strengthen the confidence of the farm boy in his rural leadership.

THE TIGER



TOP ROW—R. Hoover, T. Ioder, K. Hasenyager, R. Odell, G. Frasier, M. Parker, C. Jeffers, A. Carlson.

MIDDLE ROW—R. Keeler, C. Alpaugh, D. Townsend, E. Grampp, G. Castner, B. Jeffers, D. Kelley, Mr. Lowry.

BOTTOM ROW—F. St. John, L. Spute, D. Hoover, S. Eldridge, L. Hoover, R. Nelson, B. Beeley, C. Norberg.

The High School Band

Of course everyone hears music the eighth period coming from the auditorium. On Tuesdays and Thursdays you hear the peppy strains of marches and the sweet music of overtures. It's the Princeton High School Band rehearsing.

This is the second year for this organization, and it is a great success, capably directed by Mr. J. Harold Lowry. At the football and basketball games, the band plays, adding enthusiasm to the loyal P. H. S. fans. Our band also plays at pep meetings. It plays some snappy marches to help pep up the students for the coming game.

The band also gives assembly programs, which are enjoyed by the students. The members of this band gave a concert last year, and expect to give another one this year in the late spring.

INSTRUMENTATION

Cornets—Edward Grampp, Roger Hoover, Donald Kelley, Lillian Hoover, Ralph Hayes, Berl Jeffers.

Baritones—Maurice Parker, Max Eickmeier.

Altos—Dean Townsend, Clarence Jeffers.

Clarinets—Gilbert Frasier, Dorothy Hoover, Tommy Ioder, Ralph Odell.

Saxophones—Saxon Eldridge, Keene Hasenyager, Cordelia Norberg, Frances St. John.

Trombones—Lillian Spute, Betty Beeley, Gail Castner.

Oboe—Ruth Nelson.

Bass Horn—Bert Jeffers.

Drums—Robert Keeler, Albert Carlson, Charles Alpaugh.

THE TIGER



TOP ROW—C. Jeffers, R. Hoover, T. Ioder, R. Odell, A. Carlson, M. Olson, N. Cater.

MIDDLE ROW—L. Borop, C. Alpaugh, L. Brenneman, E. Grampp, D. Townsend, G. Castner, Miss Fry.

BOTTOM ROW—S. Klass, F. St. John, L. Spute, D. Hoover, S. Eldridge, H. Fenwick, R. Nelson, J. Bouxsein, B. Beeley, C. Norberg.

The Orchestra

During the eighth period on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, one may hear the melodious strains of the Intermezzo or Mosaic Overture or many others coming from the Auditorium. On these days the Princeton High School Orchestra rehearses. The orchestra furnishes the music for the class plays, the operetta, and the Commencement exercises. This year the orchestra competed in the Sub-district Contest at LaSalle and placed second. It is not a new organization, but has been a part of the Music Department for several years. It now numbers twenty-three members and is directed by Miss Fry. The instrumentation is:

Director—Miss Fry

Pianist—June Bouxsein.

Violins—Helen Fenwick, Sarah Klass, Lloyd Brenneman, Ned Cater, Martin Olson, Lyle Borop.

Clarinets—Dorothy Hoover, Ralph Odell, Tommy Ioder.

Oboe—Ruth Nelson.

Saxophones—Albert Carlson, Saxon Eldridge, Cordelia Norberg, Frances St. John.

Altos—Dean Townsend, Clarence Jeffers.

Cornets—Edward Grampp, Roger Hoover.

Trombones—Gail Castner, Betty Beeley, Lillian Spute.

Drums—Charles Alpaugh.

THE TIGER



TOP ROW—L. Peterson, J. Nelson, C. Jeffers, M. Powell, L. Puttcamp, C. Quickle, A. Carlson, A. Duffield.
SECOND ROW—J. Bouxsein, D. Carter, K. Cain, G. Wedding, D. Townsend, R. Russman, R. Wolfe, R. Haberkorn, B. Jeffers, C. Miller, N. Cater, A. Rapp, B. Jeffers, L. Nelson, Miss Fry.
BOTTOM ROW—R. Keeler, R. Conant, L. Sales, R. Lundberg, E. Grampp, G. Castner, F. Conant, M. Johnson, R. Hayes.

Boys' Chorus

Last year the Boys' Chorus made its debut in Princeton High School. In one year we became quite efficient. A second year has proved our right to exist.

This year we participated in the operetta, "The Gypsy Rover," furnishing music for the solo parts and chorus numbers as well. Part of our group sang at the Christmas program. Others will take part in the Commencement program, singing "Sing Me a Chantey," by Wellesley.

THE TIGER



TOP ROW—B. Nelson, E. Brooks, A. Anderson, M. W. Skinner, L. Swanson, C. Eckhoff, L. Gross, M. Vance, V. Steupfert, M. Sidle.

SECOND ROW—E. Johns, V. King, J. Bouxsein, E. Hayes, E. Carter, D. Sloan, A. Nichols, B. Beeley, E. Staples, V. Alpaugh.

THIRD ROW—R. Pierce, K. Kuhn, H. Fenwick, E. Russman, M. L. Hoover, D. Eckstrom, E. Puttcamp, M. Unholz, C. Gleason, Miss Fry.

BOTTOM ROW—N. Conard, M. Fullick, F. St. John, D. Marine, L. Lamb, E. Washburn, A. Westerling, M. Farwell, H. Hotaling, L. Nelson, L. Charles.

Girls' Chorus

The Chorus has been working hard this year. We worked very strenuously on the operetta, "The Gypsy Rover," which proved to be well worth the time spent on it. Sixteen girls were chosen to represent us in the State contest.

For this contest the State is divided into districts, which are in turn divided into sub-districts. Two songs are sung by each chorus,—one is a required number, the other is selected. The Princeton group sang "Good Night, Good Night, Beloved," by Pinsuti, and "The Cherubim Song," by Bortniansky. Princeton placed first in the sub-district contest at LaSalle, which entitled them to enter the district contest at DeKalb.

The Chorus gave two numbers at the Open House program and will furnish numbers at both Baccalaureate and Commencement.

THE TIGER



TOP ROW—G. Castner, R. Widmark, E. Grampp, G. Frasier, S. Brown, L. Peterson.

MIDDLE ROW—P. Maidment, E. Morris, A. Anderson, M. W. Skinner, A. Haurberg, R. Krone, M. Russell, D. Townsend, Miss Turner.

BOTTOM ROW—E. Alpaugh, I. Espel, D. Chelin, V. Washer, C. Norberg, M. Vance, J. Bouxsein, F. Nelson, A. Miller, A. Anderson, I. Espel.

Le Cercle Francais

Le Cercle Francais is one of Princeton High School's older societies. Those eligible to its membership are second year French students, and first year students who make a grade of "A" the first semester.

During the course of the year, the Club held several very interesting parties. The programs included games, songs, and refreshments. One of the meetings was devoted almost entirely to the initiation of the new members. At this party the first year students presented the play, "Barbe Bleu," before the Club.

The society gave an assembly program, which consisted of a French Play and several French Songs. The program was closed by the singing of the French National Anthem, "LaMarseillaise."

President,	- - - - -	Lester Peterson
Vice-President,	- - - - -	Dick Widmark
Secretary and Treasurer,	- - - - -	Peggy Maidment
Director,	- - - - -	Miss Turner



TOP ROW—P. Johnson, G. Wedding, E. Rolander, R. Erickson, R. Peterson, K. Hasenyager, M. Larson, T. Maidment, D. Sapp.

SECOND ROW—E. Wilson, E. Butts, M. Sidle, E. Brooks, E. Doty, H. Hartley, V. Alpaugh, C. Miller.

BOTTOM ROW—L. Nelson, H. Bryant, W. Lyons, M. Erickson, J. Smith, P. Kopp, H. Carlson, M. Baldwin, M. Nelson, M. Schulhof.

The Latin Club

October 27, 1931. Dear Diary: What a nox! Quam atra, quam obscura! I can scarcely guide my stilus with my tremens manus. I thought our initiation into the Latin Club would never end. Even now my new name smites my ear drums and my knees still knock as I recall how I had to mount that capricious animal sacred to all secret societies. Can I ever forget how Gorman went forward and—? Or how the powers that be made Paul—? Echoes of that—by Virginia and Helen made my blood curdle. When we regained consciousness we found ourselves in the music room. Twenty-four of us had been initiated before forty-four old members. The refreshments were served as a sedative to our jaded nerves.

November 25, 1931. Tonight we had election with the following results:

Consul Primus,	-	-	-	Acer Hasenyager
Consul Secondus,	-	-	-	Paulus Johnson
Quaestor,	-	-	-	Helena Hartley
Scriba,	-	-	-	Martinus Larson
Aediles,	-	Antonius Maidment, Cornelia Nelson		
		Elaine Russman, Virginia Alpaugh		

After our literary program, we played Latin games and ate turkey drumsticks frozen in the approved American way.

December 22, 1931. Well, we've anticipated Santa Claus! We sang all sorts of carols from the Boar's Head to Nox Santa. The Nelson sisters, Lillibus and Millibus, arranged appropriate games and the Aediles provided festive refreshments. They must have robbed the Temple of Saturn.

THE TIGER



TOP ROW—M. Buchanan, R. Nelson, A. Duffield, B. Grant, V. Pierson, L. Prince, D. Simon, A. Carlson, Mr. Feller.

SECOND ROW—S. Klass, A. Conkling, E. Wilson, E. Morris, E. Lind, D. Garman, E. Hayes, H. Nelson, H. Staples, D. Hock, R. Simon, D. Enyart, V. Brenneman, M. L. Hoover, W. L. Jeffers, H. Ohlson.

BOTTOM ROW—L. Pierson, M. Hamm, V. Beezley, D. Lenihan, R. Oloffson, A. Anderson, H. Townsend, D. Lane, D. Kopp, L. Charles.

The Gregg Club

The Gregg Club is an organization of shorthand students. Their purpose is to better prepare themselves for stenographic work. The following officers were elected:

President,	-	-	-	-	Deah Enyart
Vice-President,	-	-	-	-	Doris Garman
Secretary,	-	-	-	-	Violet Beezley
Treasurer,	-	-	-	-	Dorothy Kopp
Sergeant-at-Arms,	-	-	-	-	Dorothy Scott

The club in previous years was an organization for second year students only, so it was decided this year to make the club a continuous organization, thus admitting any first year student who wished to become a member.

The charter members are: Deah Enyart, Violet Beezley, Dorothy Kopp, Dorothy Scott, Leta Charles, Alice Louise Conkling, Margaret Hamm, Dorothy Hock, Minna Lue Hoover, Wanda Lee Jeffers, Doris Lane, Doris Lenihan, Ruth Nelson, Helen Ohlson, Luella Pierson, Lois Prince, Mildred Buchanan, and Viola Pierson.

Nineteen new members have been admitted to the club since it was organized. The club meets once a month at the high school. We have a business session and then entertainment prepared by different members of the club.

THE TIGER



TOP ROW—G. Mulvane, E. Mercer, C. Quickle, L. Peterson, M. Parker,
S. Brown, R. Haberkorn.

SECOND ROW—M. Conley, J. Scott, A. Rapp, P. Schulhoff, A. Shuster,
R. Coulter, Mr. Mortensen.

THIRD ROW—A. Bryant, G. Castner, R. Widmark, E. Grampp, F. Conant,
M. Johnson, A. Brooks.

BOTTOM ROW—C. Norberg, P. Maidment, L. Hansen, H. L. Hewitt,
D. Lane, F. Nelson, V. King, A. Haurberg,
G. Delcourt, H. Hotaling.

The Science Club

At the beginning of the year, Mr. Mortensen proposed the organization of a club for the students of Chemistry and Physics. This idea met with the approval of the students and at the first meeting the following officers were elected:

President,	- - -	Arthur Bryant
Vice-President,	- - -	Myron Johnson
Secretary,	- - -	Ruth Elliott
Treasurer,	- - -	Gail Castner
Sergeant-at-Arms,	- - -	Max Huffstodt

Later in the year the members of the Science Club, who were interested in radio, met and organized a Radio Club with Lester Peterson as President. During the remainder of the year many radio sets were built and nearly all members received practical experience in this work.

THE TIGER



TOP ROW—R. Kopp, R. Widmark, B. Grant, M. W. Skinner, Ina Espel, M. Larson.
BOTTOM ROW—Miss Finfgeld, S. Klass, E. Washburn, C. Norberg, M. Vance,
J. Bouxsein, L. Hansen.

The Newspaper Staff

Each year a group of students are chosen to be on the Newspaper Staff, whose duty it is to write up the High School events for the local papers. This year the staff is composed of thirteen members.

Aldean Duffield is the editor-in-chief, and it is his duty to make the assignments and see that they are in on time. Mary W. Skinner and Dick Widmark have charge of the special features. Lily Hansen writes about all of the assemblies, and Sara Klass lists all of the future events on the calendar. It is the duty of Marjorie Vance to write about girls' athletics and Robert Kopp does the same with boys' athletic events. Ina Espel and Martin Larson tell about club meetings and parties. Special news which does not come under the departments is written by June Bouxsein and Betty Washburn. Cordelia Norberg and Bruce Grant are the editorial writers.

The school gossip is unearthed by those two mysterious persons, "Pick and Up," whose identity cannot be disclosed until the final issue of the notes.



TOP ROW—M. Vance, E. Russman, E. Brooks, S. Eldridge, H. Hartley.
 SECOND ROW—Miss Sloan, D. Sloan, A. Haurberg, H. Staples, D. DeRose, V. Alpaugh, L. Wingate, D. Scott.
 THIRD ROW—L. Lamb, H. Fenwick, D. Hoover, A. Nichols, E. Puttcamp, W. Lyons, Z. Kaufman, R. Nelson, R. Lundberg.
 BOTTOM ROW—R. Burrows, D. Porter, D. Piper, H. Bryant, L. Nelson, C. Norberg, K. Kuhn, M. Nelson, M. Maycox.

Girls' Athletic Association

The Girls' Athletic Association was affiliated with the Illinois State League of the Girls' Athletic Association in 1929. The aim of the G. A. A. is to promote interest in girls' physical training and games, health and sportsmanship.

This year the G. A. A. did not sponsor a basketball tournament between classes, but instead all-school teams were chosen. The Princeton G. A. A. does not know if it will be appointed to sponsor a Play-day or not. Several other events are planned for the spring.

Our President, Cordelia Norberg, attended the camp for leadership training, which was held last summer in the early part of June at Old Salem Chautauqua Park, about two miles from Petersburg, Illinois. There were girls present from all over the State.

Classes in clogging, archery, tennis, swimming, tumbling, baseball, deck tennis, parliamentary practice, ~~volley~~ ball, and basketball were held every day.

The group was divided into two teams, Imps and Peps, and contests were held all during the week for the two sides.

There was good sportsmanship, fellowship, good food, plenty of sleep, and lots of fun for everybody!

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TOP ROW—C. Norberg, R. Coulter, Miss Fetherston, J. Scott, M. W. Skinner.
BOTTOM ROW—P. Maidment, A. Duffield, D. Scott, D. Kopp.

Forensic League

The National Forensic League was organized and its charter granted in June, 1929. The league has about three hundred chapters in high schools throughout the United States. Its purpose is to encourage public speaking of all kinds.

Students become eligible for membership by securing points in interscholastic debates, oratory or declamation, and receive advanced degrees by earning additional points. The degrees beginning with the lowest one in rank are: Merit, Honor, Excellence, and Distinction. Following are the officers this year and members with the degrees they have received:

OFFICERS

President,	-	-	-	John Scott
Vice-President,	-	-	-	Mary Winifred Skinner
Secretary,	-	-	-	Aldean Duffield
Treasurer,	-	-	-	Cordelia Norberg

MEMBERS

Degree of Distinction—	John Scott
Degree of Excellence—	Robert Coulter
Degree of Honor—	Aldean Duffield, Cordelia Norberg, Dorothy Kopp
Degree of Merit—	Mary Winifred Skinner, Deah Enyart, Margaret Maycox, Myron Johnson, Dorothy Scott, Peggy Maidment



M.W. Skinner

Assembly Programs

OCTOBER 1

Today began our first assembly program by the Gym classes. It started off with a first aid demonstration. Abie Brooks did some good work on Charles Burr, but I'm not so sure I'd want Abie to bring me to. Cordelia fainted quite realistically and Tom grabbed her in his arms, but almost dropped her on the floor, but got her safely to the bed where she came to quite readily. From the twinkle in Kent's eyes, I know he was getting real pleasure in bandaging Lester's ankle. Then we saw arms, fingers, knees, and wounds of all sorts and descriptions bandaged. If they had all been on one person, it would have been some sight! Some shadow pictures representing posture showed us ourselves as others see us. Guess I'd better straighten up a bit or they'll be using me for an example of poor posture.

Elaine Russman and Helen Fenwick danced the clog for us and then we heard the famous Shower Room quartette. I'd heard sounds issuing from the locker rooms any number of times but never realized the source before. It proved to be Lester, Gail, Fremont, and Kent. The program closed with some solos a la harmonica by Bobby Lundberg.

These departmental programs have started out well. Am looking forward to the next one.

OCTOBER 13

Today we were entertained by Jurien Hoekstra. He is one of the numbers on this year's Lyceum Programs. He's quite a well known singer and we all enjoyed his program, for it was partly classical and partly popular. He sang some of the old songs like "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes," "Mother of Mine," and "On the Road to Mandalay." Wonder how many times I've heard that on the radio! I enjoyed it any how. One of his cleverest was a little ditty called, "When Mother Wields the Shingle." We applauded so much that we wore out his accompanist and the last few minutes he played his own accompaniments. His last song, "Be the Best of Whatever You Are," made us all think a little and sent us back to class feeling more serious than usual.

OCTOBER 27

The Ag. Department had the stage today and we learned all about farming—why you need nitrogen, calcium, and a lot of other elements to grow good crops. Readus Quickle took the part of a girl, Mrs. Midwest was his name, and he made a real good looking one, too. I really thought he was a girl until he stood up and began to walk around. Donald Hamm was Mr. Midwest. He was quite the up and coming farmer. His ad for help brought four strapping fellows to his aid. These were Mr. Calcium Limestone, John Greenleaf Nitrogen, Kernel Hurry-Up Phosphorus, and Strongback Potash. In reality they were none other than Lyle Borop, McKinley Gaddie, Roger Conant and Elburn Swanlund. When the play was over, Fremont Conant sang a couple of solos for us. I guess we all must like popular songs for all applauded "Harold Teen" so loudly that Fremont had to do an encore. If all the departmental programs are as good as the ones we've had so far, we're going to enjoy them all.



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NOVEMBER 4

Had another Lyceum program today, a combination of movies and lecture. Lofgren, who was with Byrd at the South Pole, gave us a mighty interesting talk. Among other pictures we saw one of some of the puppies that were born in Little America. Lofgren had brought one of them with him and we were surprised to see what a large dog he had grown to be. He certainly was good looking.

That expedition must have been mighty interesting. I'd like to have been the Boy Scout that went along. Some years ago it wouldn't have been the same, but with radio and everything those long winter nights would pass more quickly.

DECEMBER 15

The Band performed today. Of course, we've heard them practicing during the eighth period but who would have dreamed that those weird sounds could be converted into such a nice program! And such variety, too!! They had group numbers, solos, trios, duos, and all the other kinds of "os" you could think of. Some of the things I liked better than others. The quartette when Gail, Mr. Lowry, Betty Beeley, and Eppet played was one of the best. Everybody cheered when Tom Best and Al Carlson gave us a few numbers with the accordion and saxophone. It's quite remarkable what a Band can do and I'm glad we have one.

DECEMBER 23

Today was the last day of school in 1931! We wound it up with a good assembly program put on by the Freshman English and Music classes. The Chorus was in the balcony singing Christmas carols when we came in and the room was all dark except for the lighted candles on the stage. Mary Skinner sang "O Holy Night" and a boys' trio sang "We Three Kings of Orient Are," so we were in quite a Christmasy mood.

The play by the Freshman English classes was called "A Puritan Christmas." I agreed with Mistress Delight in regard to the celebration of the great day. Our Freshmen proved their ability. I expect they will be able to fill the places that we Seniors vacate.

JANUARY 7

The Math and Commercial Departments were on hand today with the first program of the New Year. The Freshman Algebra classes put on a cute stunt petitioning the legislature to make Pi equal to three. I wish someone had had that brilliant inspiration when I was still a Freshie for I had an almost deathly struggle with it, but, thanks to the patience of the Math teacher, I won the victory. The Geometry class gave a little stunt called "Tea for Two." The advanced Math classes told us some things that none of us knew before. We learned that Miss Fetherston is 95 years old. She certainly is well preserved! Mr. Shaffer had a big surprise when he found his income equal to that of Henry Ford. Half of twelve is seven. Nine from six, ten from nine, fifty from forty—all makes six. Very simple when you know your Roman numerals.

The Commercial classes gave a one-act play where Dale Vickrey was shown as office boy, and the rest of the cast displayed their ability along business lines. Wonder what we'll have next?

JANUARY 15

The author of "Bone Yard Philosophy" was here today. He goes by the name of "Bill Bone." His impersonations were keen. I'll never forget how he took off the old

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farmer and negro Baptist preacher at the Horse Race. We were all quite flattered when he told us that there is more good than bad in most of us. He got us in good mood for the torture that is coming next week. *Exams* are on the way, but after the definition of knowledge given us, we should be willing to work for it. He said that knowledge is what you have left after you eliminate ignorance. Not such a bad definition. He did know how to mix up the serious and humorous. His closing poems, "The Country Boy and the Country Girl" and "Thumbs Up, Wiggle Waggle, Thumbs Down," sent us back to our classes grinning from ear to ear.

FEBRUARY 11

"Big Rich," Indiana's Poet Laureate, was with us today in Assembly. He was the tallest human I've seen in a long time, and was he ever funny! My jaws fairly ached from laughing so hard. He read us some of his poems. The one on "Onions" he said was his strongest poem. His Hill-billy performances were rare! I wonder how long it took him to learn to spit like that? Every other sentence was a joke. I'm going to write some of them down before I forget them. I never can remember a joke longer than one day and sometimes not that long.

Halitosis is the national air.

They hired a blacksmith in a restaurant to shoo flies.

Paper money doubles when you put it in your pocket and when you take it out it increases.

Now that's all I can remember except that he said he lived on a river, and if we ever came to see him, he hoped we'd drop in!

FEBRUARY 23

We were entertained today by the American History classes—our celebration of the Bi-centennial. We were surprised to find Sara Klass acting as teacher in Petersville School. And what students! Dale Vickrey, Jack Bryant, and Abie Brooks astonished us with their great brilliance.

The second part of the program was all very patriotic. We stood and saluted the flag and wondered how Washington felt the first time he saw the Stars and Stripes. The prettiest part of the program was a play called "Martha and George Return." Cordelia Norberg and Ned Cater had the leads. It was interesting to watch the expression on their faces and hear their screams and exclamations when they discovered the electric light, the vacuum cleaner, and the radio. Imagine never having any of those!

The closing numbers on the program consisted of a Tribute to Washington, which Wilbur Quanstrom read while Mr. Lowry played Taps. At the end we stood and sang "The Star Spangled Banner." As we sang, we felt real appreciation for the Founder of Our Country and resolved to be even better citizens from now on.

MARCH 16

Had an almost new experience today when we had an old-fashioned silent movie, "Julius Caesar." The Latin and Sophomore English classes sponsored it. We learned quite a few things about Caesar that we never knew before and he didn't seem quite so antique after watching him make love and hearing—or rather seeing—Mark Antony delivering the familiar "Friends, Romans, and Countrymen."



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MARCH 29

Had a program by college girls today. Five of them from Mt. Morris College were here to entertain us and I enjoyed them as much as any college group we've had since I've been in high school. Three of the girls sang, one was a reader, and the fifth tickled the ivories. They sang "naturish" songs like "The Swallow," "The Glow Worm," and "The Big Brown Bear." One of them whistled and she knew how! When the girl was giving the reading, "Helping Junior with His Algebra," it brought back a scene when I tried to get help from one of my relatives, who apparently knew no more than Junior's mother.

MARCH 30

Tonight we had a real treat in the Welch Imperial Singers. They were dressed in native costume with bright red coats and gray trousers, and how they could sing! I enjoyed everything on the program. You could tell they were foreigners—at least, the leader was, for he called the numbers on the program items.

Nearly every one of them was a soloist but their group numbers were fine. It seemed as if they knew all my favorites for they sang "Pilgrims Chorus" from Tannhauser, "Goin' Home," and lots of others. The man who accompanied them was a marvel. He only used music for one or two of the numbers and his fingers sped up and down the keys faster than lightning almost. (Wonder how far that sentence would get on an English theme!)

APRIL 5

Nearly everybody enjoyed the program today. The McElroy Entertainers were our guests. Most of the things they played were popular numbers. We didn't get all their names but we do know that Jerry was the one who played the piano accordion. I imagine that accordion cost a pretty penny! One of them, Bill, I think, played a saxophone solo, the same one he played last summer when he won in the Chicagoland Festival. It was good. I guess we all like college songs and they played lots of them—the Illinois Loyalty, the Notre Dame Victory March, On Wisconsin, and a lot of others. And Jerry was the biggest clown! He was so silly he was funny.

APRIL 7

We've heard the French students talk French now and then but never dreamed that they knew enough to give us a program like they did today and make us understand what they were talking about. But they did. Mary Winifred Skinner proved to be quite the efficient teacher as far as I could tell. Her class decided to entertain us with a play, "Barbe Bleu," or Blue Beard in plain English. The fact that we had heard the story in our childhood days helped us to understand it more easily, I suppose. Gail Castner made a ferocious Blue Beard and I trembled for his curious wife, who was none other than Marjorie Vance. I was glad to see Blue Beard die and his wife marry the honest gentleman, Edward Gramp. I'm afraid I'll dream about all those wives whose heads hung in the cabinet so realistically!

APRIL 11

Mr. Scoville was with us again today. He talked here once before on "Cans." That was so good we knew that he'd give us something worth hearing, and he did. What is more, he made a donation to the Tiger. He talked on "What Are You Worth?" He

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put a little formula on the board, which ran something like this: Your worth is 100 per cent minus errors of omission, minus errors of commission, minus Short Cuts to Truth, Courtesy, Health, Training, and Education. He gave us food for thought—that's sure.

APRIL 20

Mr. Flude was with us today. He gave five talks and I was lucky enough to hear four of them. He surely has done a lot of traveling. I wish I had cash enough to take a few journeys myself. I think I enjoyed the assembly program the best. Some of our Seniors made delightful Chinese! The costumes were lovely though and such an immense amount of work as it must take to make them. Mr. Flude gave us some rules for travel that will make experts of us all.

OPEN HOUSE

April 15th was a red-letter day on the Princeton High School calendar for it was the first Open House Program held in our present building. Parents and patrons were on hand to enjoy the program prepared for them and to acquaint themselves with the work done in the First Township High School in the State.

The evening's entertainment opened with a program in the Auditorium. Mr. Shaffer welcomed the friends who had come, and explained the nature of the program. The Band played two selections. A scene from Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream" proved to us that drama of other days could offer real enjoyment. The Girls' Chorus sang two numbers and led the audience in singing our school Loyalty.

For the next fifty minutes our guests tried to get glimpses of our work. Many found their way to the Home Economics rooms, where light refreshments were served. Others preferred the Science laboratories where they witnessed experiments in progress. Some parents took in the exhibits of the classes in which their sons or daughters had a part.

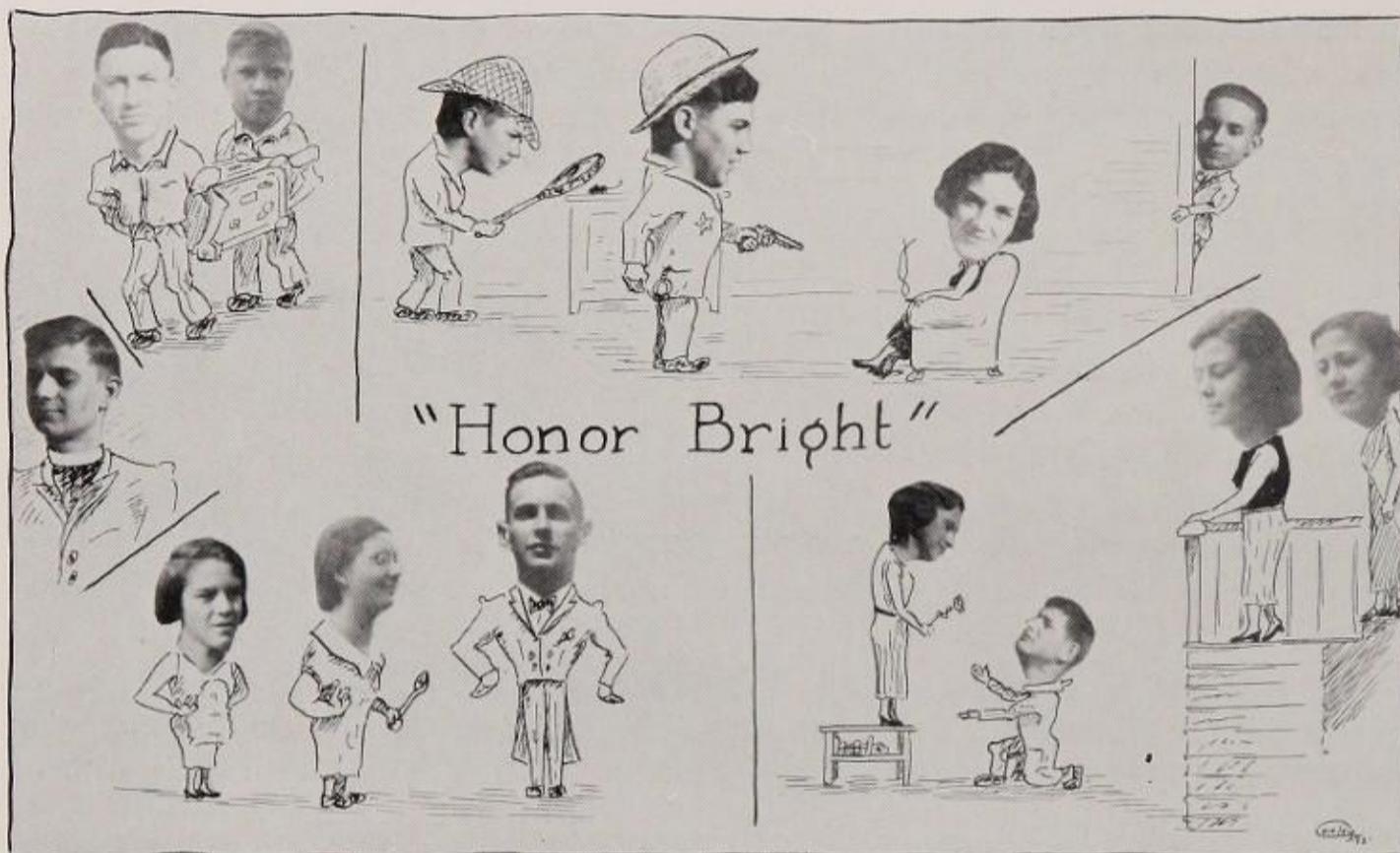
The time passed all too soon and the patrons found themselves in the gymnasium where both boys and girls gave a demonstration of the work done in physical education. Some very fine work was done and showed us all that the athletic teams did not make up the entire program in athletics. The program closed with a dance by Elaine Russman.

KRYL'S BAND

On September 30th Princeton music lovers were given the unusual treat of hearing the nationally famous band of Bohumir Kryl in the High School auditorium. Kryl at that time was making an extended tour of the United States, visiting various high schools and colleges. Princeton was very fortunate in having this artist appear here.

The concert was acclaimed by everyone to have been an example of perfection in musical rendition. At times Kryl softened his band of thirty-five pieces to resemble a symphonic orchestra; at others he was able to produce almost unlimited volume.

Kryl also presented with his band Maltelde Bastule, a Metropolitan Opera Star, and two very graceful dancers. One of the most enjoyable features of the evening was a solo by Kryl himself.



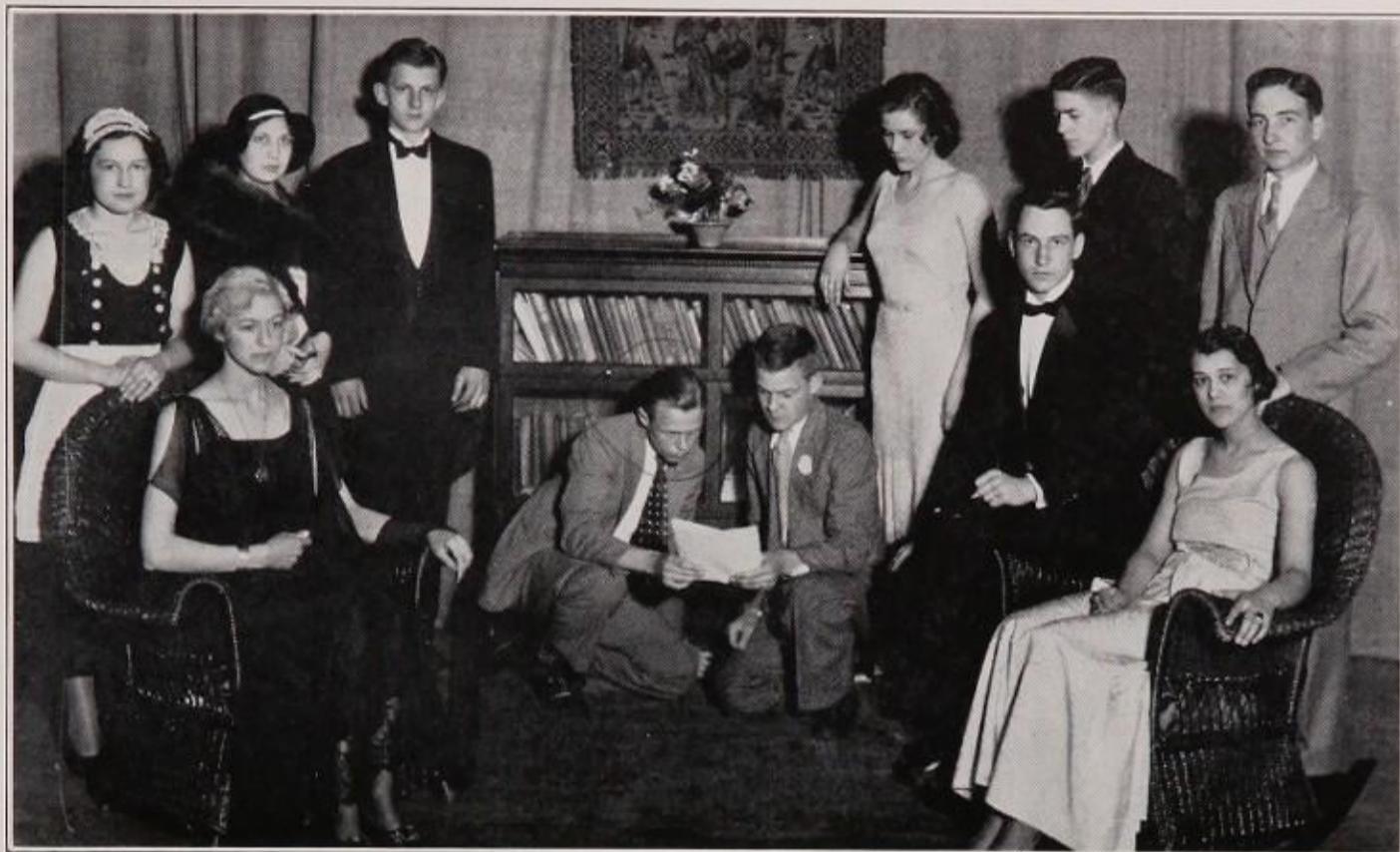
Junior Class Play

"Honor Bright," a delightful three-act comedy, was presented on November 11th by the Junior Class under the direction of Miss Fetherston.

Lillian Spute, in the role of Mrs. Lucy Barrington, made a splendid characterization of a dignified New England lady. Ned Cater, as her son, played exceptionally well the part of a young man just home from college. Owen Church appeared perfectly as the Rt. Rev. William Carton, and displayed his ability to recite famous passages just at the convenient moment. Peggy Carton, wife of Bishop Carton, and characterized by Marjorie Vance, was a very sophisticated type of person, and was always criticizing or complaining. Cordelia Norberg, as Honor Bright, displayed her ability to sell books and to act the part of a chorus girl who was expected at the Barrington home but did not arrive. Rev. James Schooley, a role taken by Axel Shuster, stepped into the picture just in time to inform the police that Honor was not the chorus girl for whom they were searching. Dale Vickrey was just the person to characterize Bill Drum.

Vivian King admirably portrayed a chorus girl, and supplied the mystery throughout the play. George Leid gave a splendid demonstration of a butler. Pauline Kopp as Annie, Virginia Swartzley as Maggie, Jack Kimberly as Foster, and Herbert Oberg as Michael made up the servants of the Barrington household. And we mustn't forget the two strong sheriffs, Adrian Brooks and Gilbert Peterson, who caused quite a disturbance when they appeared.

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Senior Class Play

On Friday evening, April 29, the Senior Class presented the annual Class play, entitled "Captain Applejack." The play, a combination of comedy and mystery, kept the audience in laughter and suspense from beginning to end.

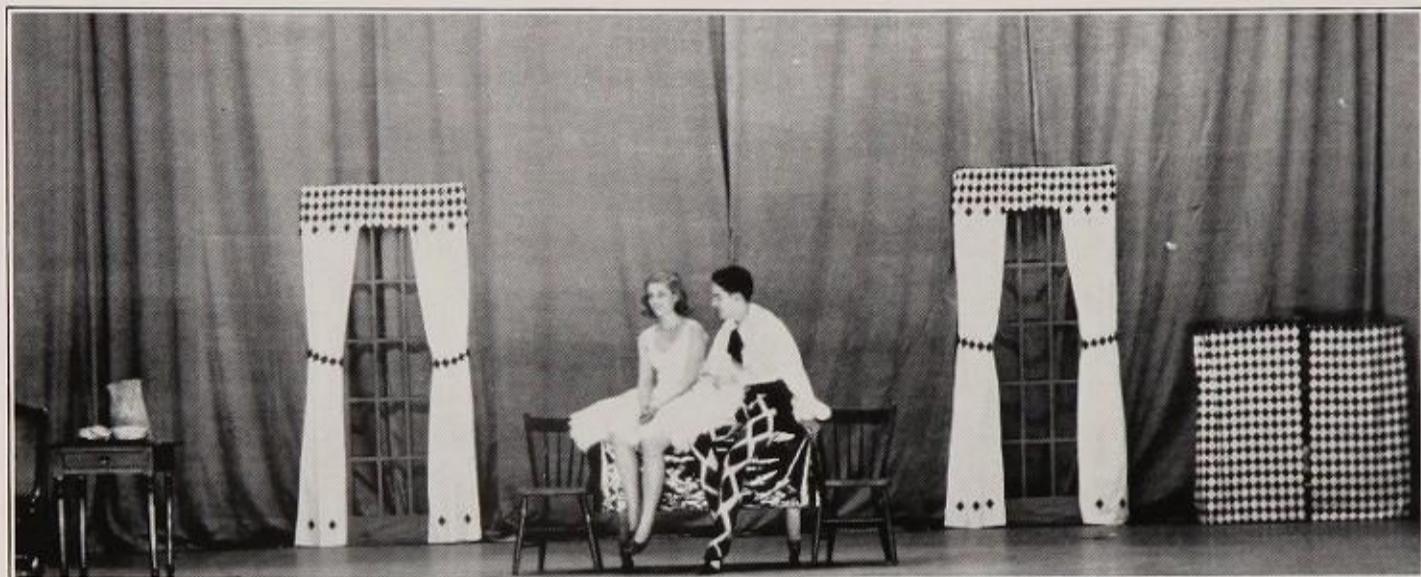
Ambrose Applejohn, an adventure hunter, who was always held back by tradition, was played by our cultivated Englishman, Edward Grampp. Poor Ambrose had a very difficult time trying to "get out of the rut," especially with Aunt Agatha, played by Mary Winifred Skinner, and his ward, Poppy Faire, played by Dorothy Scott,—worrying if he didn't do exactly the same thing today as he did yesterday.

The arrival of Anna Valeska, played by Peggy Maidment, also complicated the plot and proved that Ambrose was not a coward, at least when there was a woman to protect. Gail Castner was an excellent Russian in the part of Borolsky and his gruff voice commanded attention even of our brave Ambrose, who thought the police might give him a comfortable feeling. Mr. Pengard, Dick Widmark, who was supposed to be a fortune teller, suddenly turned into an extremely lively man the minute Ambrose left the room, and his wife, Dorothy Kopp, began to give him instructions about the secret panel in the bookcase.

The pirate scene and Captain Applejack, with his crew of cut throats, were so real that the audience seemed to be living again the early times when the seas were infested with just such people.

To add to the play, there was a touch of romance between Ambrose and Poppy. Ambrose finally admitted that his old chair was quite comfortable, and with Poppy there to fix it for him, life would be perfect.

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One Act Plays

Three one-act plays were given in the Princeton High School auditorium on January 28. The plays and the casts were:

“SHAM”

A Modern Comedy by Frank Tompkins

Charles, the Man,	- - - -	Gilbert Frasier
Clara, His Wife,	- - - -	Peggy Maidment
The Thief,	- - - -	Edward Grampp
The Reporter,	- - - -	Maurice Parker

When the young couple returns to their home, they find that a “gentleman” burglar has invaded their home. The thief makes them see the advantages of having their home robbed.

“LIMA BEANS”

A Fantasy by Alfred Kreymborg, with Apologies to Tony Sarg

He,	- - - -	Gorman Wedding
She,	- - - -	Donna Piper

A young bride tries to vary her menu but her husband is very fond of lima beans, and so they have their first disagreement.

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"THE KING'S ENGLISH"

A Farce by Herbert Bates

Ripley O'Rannigan,	- - -	Gail Castner
Sokka Wagga,	- - -	Earl Slutz
Loola,	- - -	Cordelia Norberg
Kawa Koo,	- - -	Tony Maidment
A Guard,	- - -	Harold Parr
Silas Q. Pudkins,	- - -	Ned Cater
Montmorency Van Rensellaer Smythe,	George Leid	
Hard-Boiled Mike,	- - -	Dale Vickrey
Baxter B. Brashley,	- - -	Ralph Erickson
Morris Perlheimer,	- - -	Kent Cain
Carleton Purley Patterby,	-	Robert Coulter
Richard Willis,	- - -	Robert Wolfe

The scene is the tropical island of Karra Wanga. The play describes the life on a cannibal island. The King of the eastern shore of Karra Wanga is concerned only in securing for his daughter, a husband that can speak "pairfect" English.

"Lima Beans" was chosen to represent Princeton at the Kewanee-Geneseo-Princeton contest. At the local contest Peggy Maidment was chosen as the best actress; Gorman Wedding as the best actor.

Princeton also ranked first in the triangular meet at Geneseo on February 5. Gorman Wedding was again chosen as the best actor.

Big Nine Oration Contest

Five contestants took part in the Big Nine preliminary contest. They were:

Robert Coulter Robert Wolfe John Scott
Ralph Hayes Aldean Duffield

The boys all used the same selection, "The World Asks Why?" Robert Coulter was chosen to represent Princeton in the final contest which was held in Canton on December 5. The schools placed as follows:

First,	- - -	Rock Island
Second,	- - -	East Moline
Third,	- - -	Monmouth
Fourth,	- - -	Galesburg
Fifth,	- - -	Princeton

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TOP ROW—A. Duffield, C. Norberg, Miss Fetherston, M. Maycox, M. Johnson.

SECOND ROW—J. Scott, D. Enyart, E. Russman, R. Coulter.

Debate Teams

The subject for debate this year was unusually interesting and timely. The question was: "Resolved, That the several States should enact legislation providing for compulsory unemployment insurance."

This year Princeton entered two debate conferences, namely: The Big Nine and the State League. In our Big Nine Conference debates, we were fortunate in winning fifth place.

In the first triangle composed of Geneseo, Kewanee, and Princeton, we placed second winning over Geneseo's negative. Kewanee placed first by a slight margin determined on the percentage basis. In the final triangle, composed of Rock Island, Monmouth, and Princeton, competing for fourth and fifth places, Rock Island won fourth place and Princeton fifth. Princeton's negative won over Monmouth's affirmative team, while Rock Island's negative won over our affirmative team by an unusually close margin. Princeton should consider it fortunate to win fifth place, having had to meet the keen competition of the competing schools that have commended themselves on having unusually good teams.

In our State debates the affirmative lost one debate and won one, losing to Hall Township and winning over DePue. The negative had a similar record, winning over DePue affirmative and losing to Mendota.

For the Big Nine debates the affirmative team was composed of Cordelia Norberg and Aldean Duffield. The personnel of the negative team was Robert Coulter and John Scott. For the State League debates Myron Johnson and Margaret Maycox debated alternately for the affirmative with the Big Nine debaters. In the negative (State)

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team, Deah Enyart and Elaine Russman alternated as second speaker.

In making effective debate teams, practice is an essential factor. More true in debate than in probably any other extra-curricular activity, much time is spent in hard work and practice. The debaters together with the capable coach, Miss Fetherston, worked third periods and often after school and evenings.

Big Nine Declamatory Contest

Previous to the Declamatory Contest at Rock Island on October 30, two preliminary contests were held with Geneseo and Rock Island. There were five contestants:

Mary Winifred Skinner,	-	-	"Cyrano de Bergerac"
Dorothy Kopp,	-	-	"Cherry Blossoms"
Cordelia Norberg,	-	-	"Princess Porcelain"
Dorothy Scott,	-	-	"The Highwayman"
Peggy Maidment,	-	-	"Pygmalion and Galatea"

Dorothy Kopp was chosen to represent Princeton in Rock Island in the Big Nine Contest. She placed third, which is the highest ranking Princeton has secured for a number of years. The following schools placed:

First,	-	-	-	Rock Island
Second,	-	-	-	East Moline
Third,	-	-	-	Princeton
Fourth,	-	-	-	Kewanee
Fifth,	-	-	-	Galesburg

The Junior-Senior Faculty Reception

It was the night of September 23, 1931. There was an air of mystery about the Princeton Township High School, and the brilliant paper lamp-shades cast a soft, rosy glow over the improvised ballroom (in reality, the second corridor of the school).

Promptly at 7:45 the excitement began, when the dignified, grown-up teachers and less-dignified Juniors and Seniors (for it was the Junior-Senior Faculty Reception), trooped into the auditorium to enjoy a program under the direction of Richard Widmark. Betty Beeley played a trombone solo, Mary W. Skinner entertained with two delightful readings, and Albert Carlson, playing his saxophone, and Tom Best, with his accordion, rendered a medley of popular songs, receiving several encores.

After this program was concluded, everyone adjourned to the aforesaid improvised ballroom where some enjoyed dancing to numerous tunes played by Al Carlson's Midnite Serenaders, while the others played bridge.

As the last feature in the evening's fun, refreshments were served in the cafeteria by the Eats Committee.

The building became gradually quiet and at last only the janitor was left to turn out the lights and lock the doors. Thus ended the 1931-1932 Junior-Senior Faculty Reception.

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THE SENIOR CARNIVAL

The evening of February 26th witnessed things of unusual nature within the walls of P. H. S. That night occurred the Senior Carnival which followed the Kewanee game. We assembled in the Auditorium to begin the program. Here we witnessed a style show, giving us a glimpse of the past in contrast to the present. Some of the costumes were lovely. A skit by a group of Senior boys proved interesting. Max Conley gave a chalk talk which displayed his ability as a cartoonist.

The minstrel show drew a large crowd. We were all surprised to see what good Darkies some of the Senior boys made, and especially Edward Grampp in female attire. Among the side shows were a playlet honoring Washington, a curiosity shop filled with freaks, and a try-your-luck bowling alley. The third floor was given over to a dance at which Al Carlson's orchestra officiated.

THE GYPSY ROVER

On December 11th the Music Department presented "The Gypsy Rover" as the Operetta for this year.

We all knew that Kent Cain and Mary Skinner would make a very romantic couple. Lester Peterson, as Mary's father, made an excellent English nobleman. Edward Grampp proved to be a brave escort, capable of protecting anyone. The Gypsies were Gail Castner, portraying the father; Eleanor Brooks, the mother; Minna Lue Hoover, their daughter; and Robert Russman, the romantic young vagabond. We were all surprised and bewildered at the way in which Bob and Gail could wring crocodile tears from their mischievous eyes.

Oh yes, we must not forget that love scene in which Gorman Wedding and Elinor Hayes taught the audience the art of love-making. Nor should we forget Aldean Duffield's efficiency as a butler and the ease with which Bob Wolfe and Ned Cater fitted into the scene as natives of good old England.

FRENCH CLUB PICNIC

The French Club had their first social gathering of the year in the form of a picnic to which all first year students were invited. Both first and second year classes were well represented; and an excellent picnic lunch of weiners, buns, apples, cider, marshmallows, and cake was greatly enjoyed. Afterwards all joined in playing hide-and-seek and other games. The picnic ended with the group singing the "Marseillaise."

FRENCH CLUB PARTY

On February 24, the new members were invited into the French Club. They presented the play, "Barbe Bleue," or "Blue Beard." They were then called upon to read some French "tongue twisters," to pledge allegiance to the French flag, and to sing the French National Anthem.

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CHORUS PARTY

On the night of October 2, we had our chorus party at Mary Skinner's home. After everyone had arrived we played Consequences. When we had finished this, we separated into several different groups. Some tried their hand at bridge or bunco, and a few played Michigan. Imagine! After the lunch, consisting of sandwiches, cocoa, and wafers, had been served, some of the girls sang popular songs. Others "tried" to dance to the music. It was finally decided (after much arguing with the girls who were singing) that the radio would furnish a better dance program.

BOBBING PARTY

On the night of February 5, the Girls' Chorus had a bobbing party. The girls met at the Clark Hotel and waited for the bob, which was driven by John Nelson. After riding around town a while, we started out to the Nelson home, west of Princeton. Most of the snow was off the pavement, and it made it very hard for the horses to pull us, so we walked most of the way.

When we arrived, we were served a lunch of hot cocoa and sandwiches. We sang some popular pieces and told stories. Before leaving, the two youngest Nelson girls sang a duet in the Swedish language.

We left the Nelson home in automobiles. Everyone enjoyed a very pleasant evening, despite the fact one girl fainted on the way out, and everyone got very cold.

THE FRESHMAN PARTY

On October 8th the Freshmen had their party, their first get-together at the school. The upper classmen did their best to frighten us poor Freshmen but we put on a brave front and really did have a very happy time. We had a chance to get acquainted and see ourselves as a class.

The Entertainment Committee outdid themselves. A style show was the first thing on the program, a museum offered various attractions, a fortune teller enlightened us in regard to our future, and dancing offered us a chance to limber up our muscles. No party is complete without refreshments, and consequently the ice cream and angel food cake made a very satisfactory ending for our first party.

JUNIOR HARD TIMES PARTY

On the evening of November 13th, the Juniors, in keeping with the spirit of the times, held a "depression party" at the high school. The classmates arrived in costumes of "poormen, beggarmen, and thieves," made bright by many beautifully colored patches.

They gathered on the second floor and enjoyed several relays, musical chairs, cards, ping-pong, and dancing. Then they went to the cafeteria where they "bobbed" for apples. For further refreshments, they enjoyed pumpkin pie and whipped cream.

When the Juniors (or rather the teachers) decided that they should adjourn, it was agreed that a "depression party" was far from depressing.

Sophomore Banquet

Had you stepped into the Cafeteria on the night of April 20, you would have marvelled at the scene before you. Elephants, camels, lions, and every conceivable kind of animal, in cages and out, formed a weird procession across the tables. The Sophomore Circus was underway.

The banquet was served by the Home Economics Department. Both food and program were enjoyed by all. The Ring Master was Robert Kopp, who introduced the owner of the circus, Gorman Wedding. Among the performers were Eleanor Brooks, who gave a musical reading; Elaine Russman, the agile tumbler; Wilma Lyons and Helen Fenwick, producers of stunts; Doris Sloan, weaver of tales; the Jeffers twins, men of strength; and Keene Hasenyager, master of sleight of hand tricks. Class songs and yells were used at various times on the program. At the close of the program, games were played.

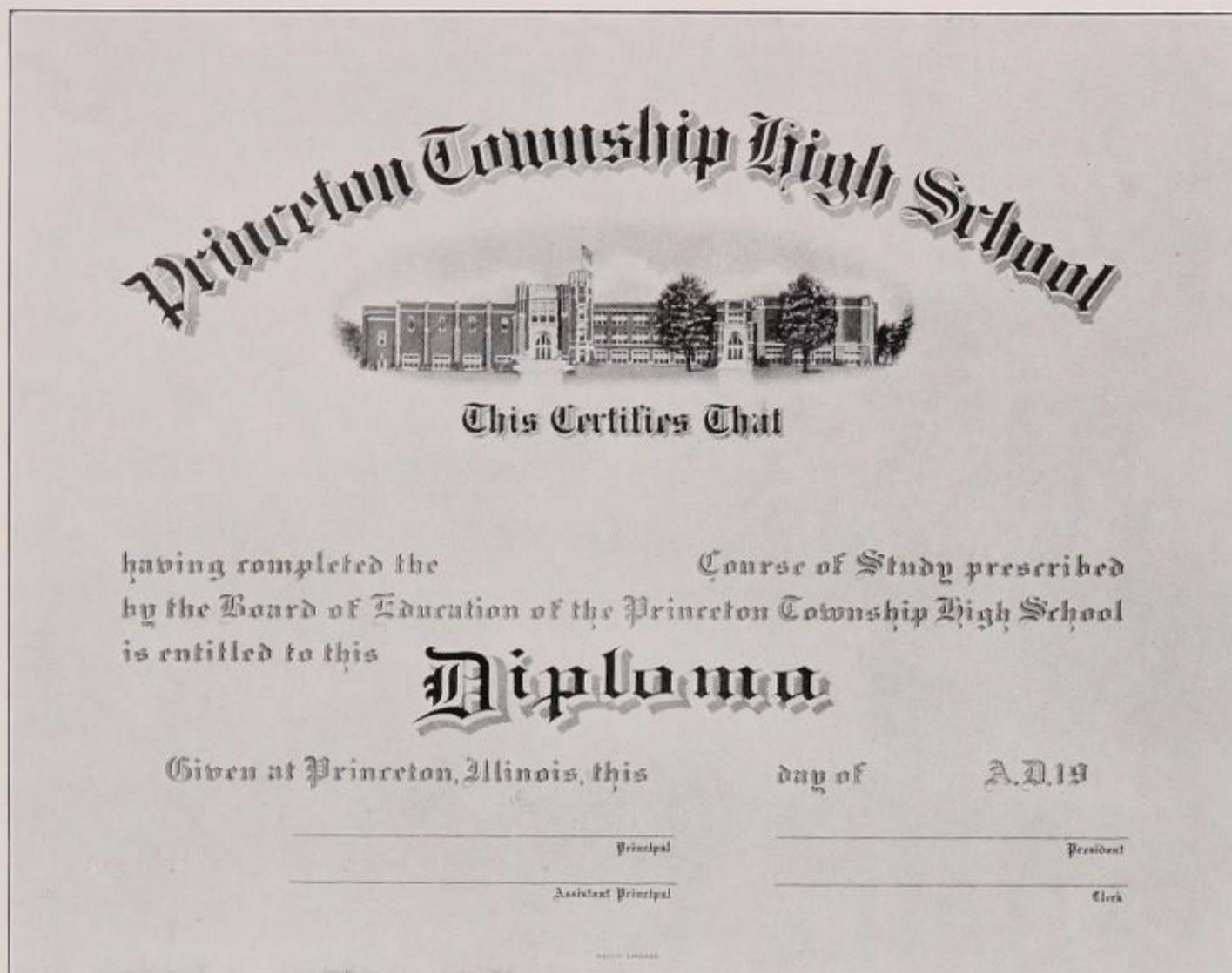
Sophomore Party

On Saturday night of October 17, the Sophomore Class held its annual party. Everyone was in high spirits and from the first the party was a success. After the usual "chat," some warming-up games were played, most of which were new and interesting. There was a very delightful program, after which, as hunger was dominating, came the lunch. Since it was near Hallowe'en, the lunch was appropriate. Afterwards there was card playing and dancing in the second corridor. When everyone left, there was a feeling that the party was a great success.

Faculty Picnic

The Faculty were the first to observe tradition this year in holding their annual picnic at Lime Rock on September 18. The day was rather rainy looking but Jupiter Pluvius held off and let them frolic in peace. The crowd gathered about six o'clock.

During the interim between then and the devouring of the food, the Faculty entertained themselves in various and sundry ways—some arched, others visited (or shall we suggest gossiped), and others prepared food. Mr. Shaffer and Mr. Fleming are expert steak fryers. All was devoured in due season and each felt that the first Faculty frolic of the year had been another one of those affairs where literally—"a good time was had by all."



Sixty-third Commencement

Commencement Exercises

Processional—

“War March of the Priests,” *Mendelssohn*

Invocation

Music—“Mosaic Overture,” *Seredy*
ORCHESTRA

Salutatory, - - - - - *Iva Espel*

Address, - - - - - *Edward Grampp*

Music—“I Hear a Thrush at Eve,” *Cadman*
GIRLS’ CHORUS

Address, - - - - - *Mary Winifred Skinner*

Address, - - - - - *John Scott*

Music—“Sing Me a Chantey,” *Wellesley*
MALE SEXTETTE

Address, - - - - - *Richard Widmark*

Valedictory, - - - - - *Ina Espel*

Music—“The Old Refrain,” *Kreisler*
GIRLS’ CHORUS

Presentation of Class Gift, - *Richard Widmark*

Award of Prizes, - - - - - *O. V. Shaffer*

Music—“Sleeping Beauty,” - - - - - *Tschaikowsky*

Benediction

Recessional

Baccalaureate Service

Processional—

“War March of the Priests,” *Mendelssohn*

Music—“Largo from the New World
Symphony,” - - - - - *Dvorak*
ORCHESTRA

Invocation

Music—“Swing Low, Sweet Chariot,” *Burleigh*
GIRLS’ CHORUS

Scripture Reading

Prayer

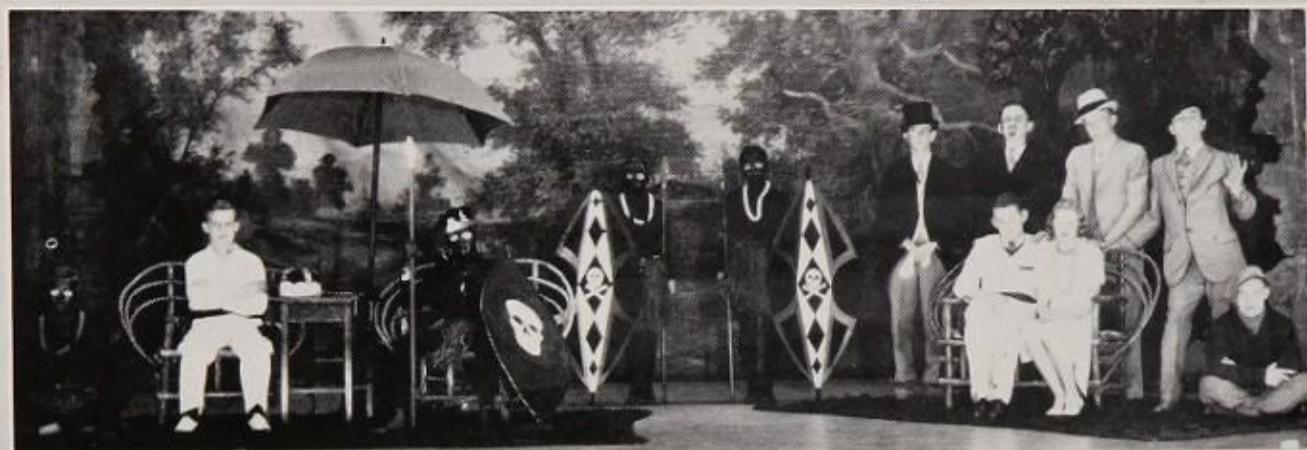
Music—“Invictus,” - - - - - *Huhn*
GIRLS’ CHORUS

Sermon, - - - - - *Rev. H. R. Eagle*

Benediction

Recessional

THE TIGER



On Cannibal Isles



Annabelle



"We"



Donald - Tommy



Posing



Aldean



Duo



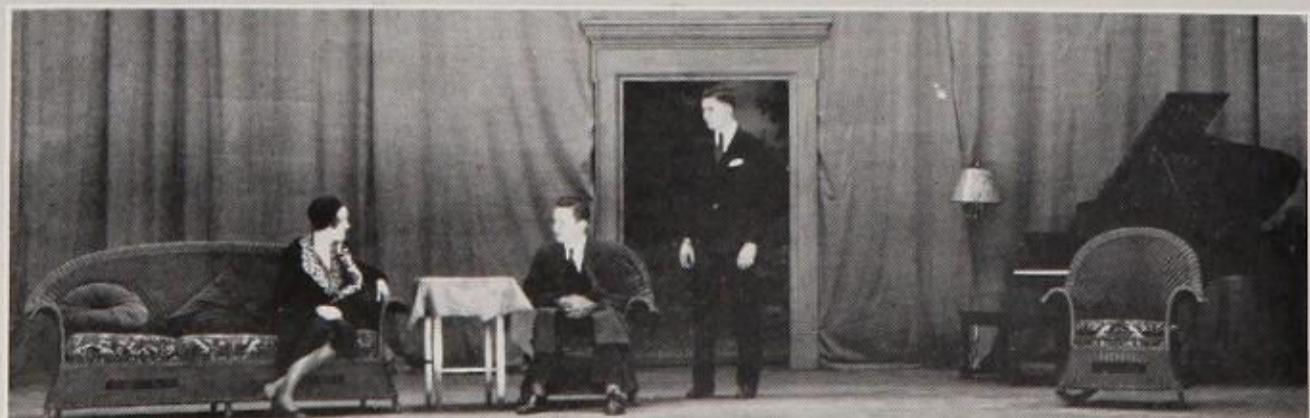
Sextette



"Hiram's Hired Hands"



On a Windy Day



Sham - Puzzles Find Eppet !



©. — SIGNE.

Football Squad

THE TIGER



TOP ROW—D. Nance, D. Johnson, C. Miller, M. Parker, R. Wolfe, K. Cain, L. Peterson, A. Rapp, R. Haberkorn, C. Kasbeer, D. Finn, A. Moser.
MIDDLE ROW—H. Anderson, D. Marine, R. Kopp, G. Castner, M. Edwards, C. Burr, R. Lundberg, F. Conant, M. Conley, R. Widmark, T. Best.
BOTTOM ROW—A. Duffield, T. Maidment, H. Quanstrom, D. Sapp, H. Parr, M. Eickmeier, R. Hayes, G. Newbury, H. Taylor, L. Nelson, L. Nelson,
A. Brooks, H. Dean.

Varsity Football

From the viewpoint of victories and defeats, the 1931 football season in P. H. S. was a disappointment, but from the viewpoint of men-building and team-building it was the most successful season Princeton has had for many years.

From the opening practice, when Coach Nance was greeted by fifty candidates among whom were three lettermen and whose weight ranged from 100 pounds to 150, to the end of the Thanksgiving Day game, Princeton was the underdog. This snarling squad of tiny Tigers were buffeted about unmercifully by their opponents, but they were never tamed. They took beatings week after week and came right back the next week ready for more punishment. The team made their greatest stand when they outplayed the stronger, heavier, and more experienced Kewanee team throughout the entire first half of the Thanksgiving Day game only to weaken in the last half and allow the Boilermakers to rush three touchdowns across.

Much credit is due the team and coaches for the steady improvement in each game.

Letters were awarded to Captain Conant, Captain-elect Kasbeer, Best, Widmark Peterson, Rapp, Cain, Castner, Brooks, Miller, Dean, Lundberg, Parker, Shenlund, Maidment, Edwards, Allen, Finn, Burr, Nelson, and minor: Johnson, Duffield.

The schedule and results follow:

DePue	39	Princeton	0
Ottawa	25	Princeton	0
Mendota	12	Princeton	0
Monmouth	33	Princeton	0
East Moline	56	Princeton	6
LaSalle	66	Princeton	0
Canton	7	Princeton	7
Geneseo	0	Princeton	0
Kewanee	21	Princeton	0

Tied two. Lost seven.

CAPTAIN FREMONT CONANT ("JUG"), GUARD

"Jug" was called the "fightingest captain in the Big Nine," and he certainly lived up to that honor. His fighting qualities, all-around good playing, leadership, and his big encouraging voice made him an excellent leader.

CAPTAIN-ELECT CHARLES KASBEER ("RABBIT"), HALFBACK

"Rabbit" was the triple-threat man of the team. The general superiority of his playing gained him the honor of halfback on the Big Nine All Star Second team. He is only a Sophomore and should have two more big years.

ROBERT LUNDBERG ("BOB"), QUARTERBACK

"Bob" was the fastest man on the squad. When he got in the open, it was just "too bad." Lack of size was the only thing that kept him from running wild.

THE TIGER

TOM BEST ("ANDREW"), END

"Andrew" is a versatile player, who finally found his place at end this year. He was a good blocker and shone particularly in taking out the secondary defense.

DICK WIDMARK ("WID"), END

"Wid" showed real fight. He was a hard tackler, and a good man in getting down the field under punts.

LESTER PETERSON ("PETE"), CENTER

Faultless passing, powerful defensive work, good blocking in the line, that's "Pete."

ARTHUR RAPP ("RIP"), TACKLE

Real tigers have nothing on Rip. He fights as hard as any Tiger ever could. "Rip" was a hard man to take out, a fierce tackler and a smart player.

HAROLD SHENLUND ("SHEENY"), TACKLE

It was a pretty safe bet that the man at the bottom of every pile would be "Sheeny."

CARMI MILLER (CARMI), TACKLE

Carmi is another versatile player who played several positions and played all of them well—a good guard, a fine tackle, and a hard plunging fullback.

KENT CAIN ("POZZI"), HALFBACK

"Pozzi" was a good field general, a good plunger, and a power in backing up the line.

RAY ALLEN ("BUNZI"), FULLBACK

An all-round powerful man describes "Bunzi." "Bunzi's" interception and long return of a Canton pass that put Princeton in a position to score the tying touchdown in the Canton game, will not be forgotten soon.

MILTON EDWARDS ("SNOOKS"), HALFBACK

"Snooks" is a great defensive back, and he shows promise of developing into a greater open field runner during the next three years.

GAIL CASTNER (GAIL), FULLBACK

Castner was a good, dependable back, whose only handicap was lack of size. He was never outfought.

DAN FINN (DAN), HALFBACK

Dan is a good passer and an elusive open field runner. He should be a real asset to the team during the next three years.

MAURICE PARKER (PARKER), GUARD

Parker was always crying for punishment, and when he got it, he met it like a man. Few plays could get by him when he was in a fighting mood.

THE TIGER

ADRIAN BROOKS ("ABIE")

"Abie's" motto was, "When in doubt, do," and how he did! It required man-crushing power to get through "Battling Brooks."

HAROLD DEAN ("DOGGIE"), END

Do you need reinforcement at end? Try Dean. He could be relied upon to do a creditable job at any time.

TONY MAIDMENT ("BULLDOG"), CENTER

Tony had all of the grit and tenacity of a bulldog plus a lot of good football ability. He has two more years, during both of which he will undoubtedly be a star.

CHARLES BURR ("CORDY"), GUARD

"Cordy" was a Freshman "find" who came through in a big way and held down a regular post most of the season.

LYLE NELSON ("SWANSKY")

For real determination and grit, Nelson is a shining example. Football players with grit like his are "born, not made."

DONALD JOHNSON ("DON"), TACKLE

When "Don" growled, "Let's hold 'em, Gang," the opponents began to wonder why they couldn't get through tackle.

Reserve Football

The P. H. S. Reserve Team of 1931 was another great team, which won but few games but showed great fighting spirit. Their record was two victories and three defeats.

The Reserves played very good football considering the handicap in lack of weight, which confronted them in every game. They flashed their greatest power when they ran wild over Geneseo in a muddy Armistice Day battle.

There was also a team of Lightweights, composed of boys who weighed less than 120 pounds. Most of the boys on this team also played on the Reserves. The Lightweights played two games, one with Sheffield and one with the Children's Home. They defeated Sheffield and were tied by the Children's Home.

Those who received numerals were: Scott, Conley, Haberkorn, Quanstrom, Erickson, Wolfe, Hayes, Arling, Anderson, Sapp, Marine, J. Nelson, L. Nelson, Jeffers, Kopp, Becker, Taylor.

Basketball Squad

THE TIGER



TOP ROW—R. Wolfe, G. Newbury, H. Parr, D. Sapp, K. Hasenyager, D. Finn, H. Taylor, J. Hayes.
MIDDLE ROW—D. Nance, R. Erickson, S. Brown, M. Powell, M. Middaugh, T. Best, R. Peterson, T. Maidment, G. Frasier, O. Church, J. Kimberley.
BOTTOM ROW—R. Kopp, C. Burr, A. Rapp, B. Grant, A. Duffield, A. Carlson, N. Cater, R. Hayes, C. Kasbeer, E. Grampp.



THE TIGER

Varsity Basketball

Fifth place in one of the strongest basketball conferences in the State was the objective attained by Coach Nance's 1932 Basketball Team.

Competition in the Big Nine Conference this year was about the hardest in the State as shown by the success of Big Nine teams in the State High School Tournament, in which two Big Nine teams, Canton and Kewanee, played in the finals, taking second and fourth respectively. In this league Princeton won three and lost five.

This year's team was not very successful as a tournament team, losing their first round encounter in the District, and their second round game in the County. However, the luck of the draw in both cases was against Princeton, pitting them against Hall in the County and against DePue in the District.

Letters were earned by Captain Grant, Kasbeer, Grampp, Rapp, Frasier, Best, and Hasenyager.

The scores of the games follow:

Mendota	17	; Princeton	37
Galesburg	21	; Princeton	12
Rock Island	16	; Princeton	21
East Moline	19	; Princeton	16
Canton	23	; Princeton	19
Mendota	29	; Princeton	28
Geneseo	23	; Princeton	27
Moline	23	; Princeton	21
Kewanee	39	; Princeton	27
Cherry	15	; Princeton	40
Hall	25	; Princeton	20
Monmouth	18	; Princeton	22
LaSalle	14	; Princeton	24
Kewanee	33	; Princeton	18
DePue	23	; Princeton	16
Alumni	23	; Princeton	15
Alumni	35	; Princeton	37
LaSalle	17	; Princeton	23
Won 8; Lost 10.			

CAPTAIN BRUCE GRANT (BRUCE), FORWARD

Calm, methodical playing, amazing speed, a good basket eye, a cool head, and inspiring leadership are the qualities which made Bruce the great player he is.

CHARLES KASBEER ("CHUCK"), GUARD

A man, whom "Chuck" set out to guard, seldom startled the crowd by the number of baskets he made.

THE TIGER

ARTHUR RAPP ("RIP"), GUARD

"Rip's" fighting qualities were shown by the great number of times he got a held ball and then took the jump away from his opponent.

EDWARD GRAMPP ("GIGGY"), FORWARD

"Giggy's" record shows what speed and a sharp eye for the basket can do for an ambitious young man.

GILBERT FRASIER ("GIBBY"), CENTER

"Gibby" was a "find" who developed into a good defensive man. He was a dangerous man under the basket as many opposing centers learned to their regret.

TOM BEST ("ANDY"), FORWARD

At forward or guard, "Andy" was certain to do something to distinguish himself—good on long shots, too.

KEENE HASENYAGER

Keene is a Sophomore whose speed, ball-handling, and basket shooting give promise of making him a real star before he graduates.

Basketball Reserves

Reserve Basketball in P. H. S. enjoyed a "boom" year during 1932 as the Reserves won eight out of ten games.

After a rather shaky start against Mendota, a series of late practice sessions began to bring results and the team lost only one game after that. This defeat was at the hands of the Kewanee Riveters and was later avenged in the second meeting of the two teams in which Princeton was victorious.

The list of teams defeated by the Princeton Reserves included Reserve teams representing Mendota, Alumni (twice), Geneseo, Children's Home, LaSalle (twice), and Kewanee.

Numerals were awarded to Carlson, Cater, Maidment, Finn, Powell, Sapp, and Erickson.

Depue Invitational Tournament

The DePue Invitational Tournament is a basketball tournament, sponsored by DePue High, for boys who have never participated in a varsity or a reserve basketball game.

Princeton's Class A Team was eliminated from their division of the tournament in their first round game, but the Class B Team went through their division without defeat to win the Class B championship.

This year was the third year that Captain "Herbie" Oberg of the Class B Team has led his team to a championship.

THE TIGER

1931 Track

Princeton engaged in two dual meets, a triangular meet, Ottawa Invitational, and the County meet, and the Big Nine meet.

The dual meets were with LaSalle and Mendota. Princeton lost both of these meets.

In the triangular meets between DePue, Sheffield, and Princeton, the local team placed second.

The Ottawa Invitational meet drew schools from all over the Northern part of the State. Princeton failed to score in this meet.

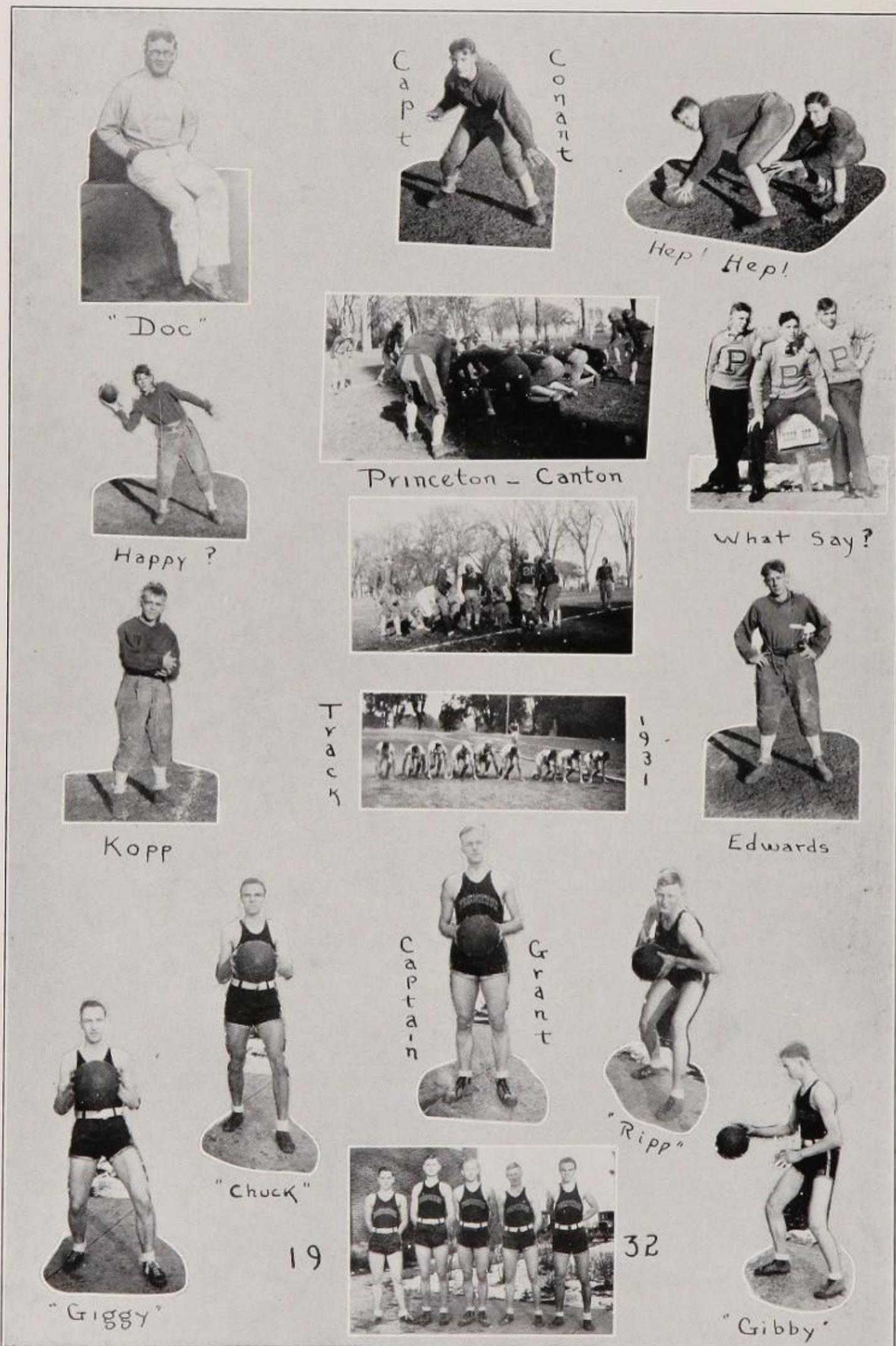
Princeton placed fourth in the County meet with Lundberg collecting a majority of the points.

In the Big Nine meet Princeton failed to gather any points.

With consideration for the competition encountered, Princeton did a very creditable job in track.



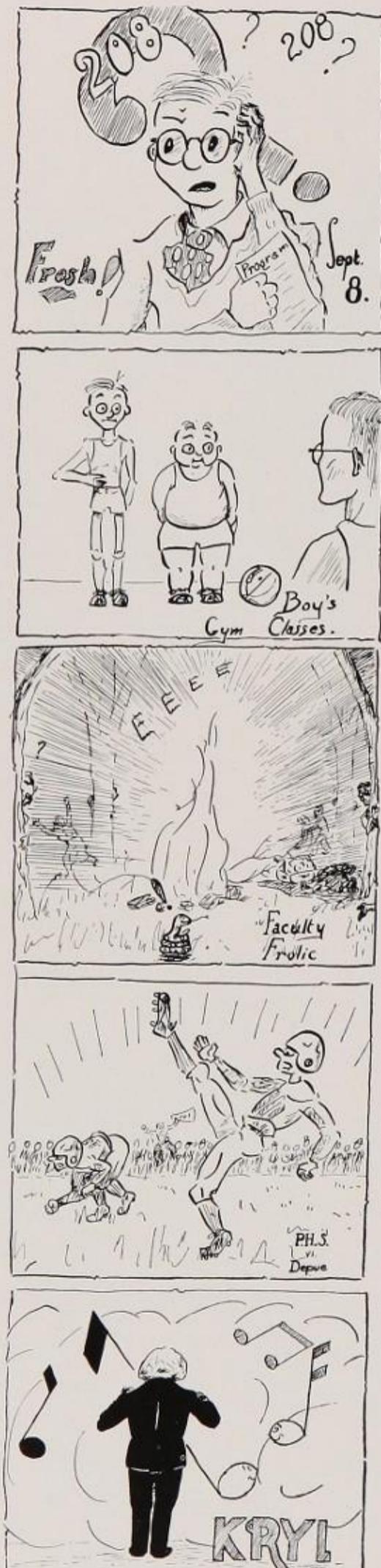
THE TIGER





M. Winifred Skinner

THE TIGER



Calendar

1931-1932

*In the pages that follow here,
You'll find a record of this school year.
That it will arouse memories true
Is the one thing we wish for you.*

SEPTEMBER

8—School opens.
"I have seen worse things come to pass," said the teachers as they looked over the incoming class.
"Doc" begins to take the kinks out of the new football team.

9—The students shed briny tears. Why? The weatherman furnished too much heat and school closed early.

14—Miss Stetson and Mr. Shaffer deliver their annual speeches to the boys and girls in separate assemblies. They had a familiar sound to the Seniors!

16—We wonder why some of the girls are so stiff today. Light begins to dawn . . . "gym" classes began yesterday.
Class organization gets under way. Dick Widmark is the pilot for the Seniors while Anne Miller holds the reins for the Juniors.

17—Robert Kopp is chosen to lead the Sophomores. The Freshies elect Dan Finn. Seems to run in the Finn family. Tom held the same office in his Freshman year.

18—The Faculty forget their dignity and devour steaks like the rest of us.

22—Miss Johnson: Kathleen, why were you late again today?
Kathleen M.: Why, I was late when I left home.

23—Why the smile on the faces of the Senior girls? Home Nursing began today!

25—Football season is introduced by a "revival" pep meeting. We lost our first game to DePue 29-0. Too bad!

30—Big musical treat today. Princeton hears the famous Kryl Band.

THE TIGER

OCTOBER

1—We wonder why so many students look so gloomy? Ah! We've guessed it. First special warning notices came out.

2—Princeton lost to Ottawa by a score of 25-0.

5—Don't try to hide it! We saw your yellow slips. The Juniors are all excited. It's the first day for play try-outs.

6—The Future Farmers meet to discuss the farm relief problem. The Faculty seemed to enjoy the frolicking as much as the Juniors and Seniors at the annual Faculty Reception.

7—The Home Ec Club met to elect officers for the year. Getting ready for banquets and all the other things they do.

8—Hooray! At last we know Who's Who in the Junior play. The Freshies celebrate for the first time at a party.

9—The students get a vacation while the teachers go to school. Illinois Valley Teachers hold their meeting at Streator.

10—Luck is still against us. Mendota defeats us to the tune of 12-0.

13—Assembly. The students enjoy Jurien Hoekstra. The Latin Club initiates new members.

15—Another assembly. Kent gave Lester some good pointers on how to bandage in the program put on by the "gym" classes.

16—Princeton's first team journeyed to Monmouth and met another defeat.

17—The next to the youngest class held a party at the school.

20—The girls declaim at Geneseo.

21—More declamation. In Princeton in the afternoon and Rock Island at night. The air is full of dramatics!

24—Football games are the order of the day. The Reserves play LaSalle and the Regulars play a night game with East Moline.

29—Much rain.

30—This is our busy day. Mr. Dean and Mr. Fisher sing for us in assembly. The Home Ec Club enjoys a Hallowe'en party. Malden's first team plays our Reserves. We win a place in the Big Nine Declamation Contest at Rock Island.

31—LaSalle gained a victory over Princeton with a score of 65-0. It's a new way of celebrating Hallowe'en.



THE TIGER



NOVEMBER

2—We get a glimpse of India today when Mr. Lofber speaks to us in assembly of his experiences there. Most of us prefer the good U. S. A.

4—Another assembly. We travel again. This time we go to the South Pole with Mr. Lofgren as he enlightens us about the Byrd expedition. We see one of the dogs that were born in Little America.

6—Another departmental assembly. This time the farmers give us a treat. Readus Quickle is quite a girl. We've real talent among our Freshies. The depression must have hit the Juniors by the looks of the costumes worn at the Hard Times party.

7—Princeton held Canton to a 6-6 score and the Reserves won their first victory. We seem to be improving.

11—Armistice Day program in charge of the American Legion. It rains! The boys play in a sea of mud but win over Geneseo 40-0. They looked like drowned rats.

13—The Junior play is a big success. There are many complications and the suspense is real.

17—An assembly to prepare for the big contest between the Army and the Navy. We're out for magazine subscriptions.

18—French Club meets. Can you "parler Francais?" These students can. Boys' preliminary Oratorical Contest is held and is so good they're going to have to hold another to determine the winner.

23—The Army-Navy Contest is in full swing. We exercise our vocal chords for it during an assembly period.

24—The girls indulge in a basket ball tournament. No casualties or fist-fights reported.

25—The Reserves take a try at the team from the Junior High School.

26—Turkey Day is here and with it the annual game with Kewanee. The season winds up with a victory for Kewanee though we held them to a 0-0 score during the first half.

27—We all sleep late in order to make the most of our extra day of vacation.

30—The Woman's Club presents "The Christmas Carol" and some living pictures at an assembly program.

DECEMBER

1—The big contest is over and the Navy goat is overwhelmed by the Army mule.

2—A new club comes into being. Science cannot be left behind.

3—Assembly to hear Robert Coulter tell us that "The World Asks Why?"

4—Robert goes to Canton to take part in the Big Nine while the people of Princeton witness an electrical demonstration. Robert places fifth and what is more . . . he didn't forget!

7—Santa Claus comes to town. Even though he is a little ahead of time, the "children" are excused from school to go to see him.

11—The Music Department presents "The Gypsy Rover." Eppet displays his ability to act the part of an Englishman once more. And we found now what Bob Russman is cut out to be.

16—The Band strikes up, featuring among other numbers the accordion a la Tom Best. The basketball season opens with a 37-17 victory over Mendota. Our prospects look good.

18—The team travels to Galesburg and lost to the tune of 21 to 12. At home Jardine's Midwesters try to help the depression by staging a game for charity.

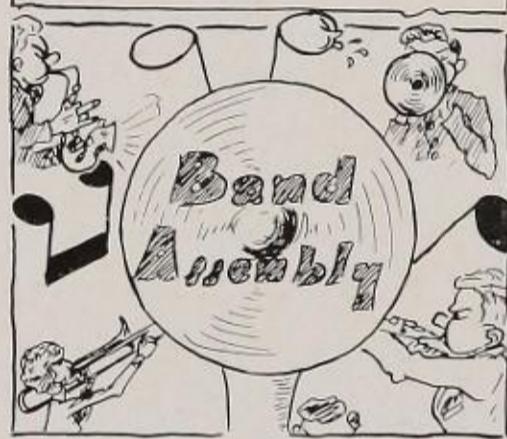
22—More Basketball. This time the veterans of former years win over the Varsity. How those Alumni are puffed up! But just wait until we play them next week.

23—The Freshmen show us what they can do by giving us a Christmas play. A good send off for our Christmas vacation! Here's where we get a chance to get some sleep! Merry Christmas to all of you.

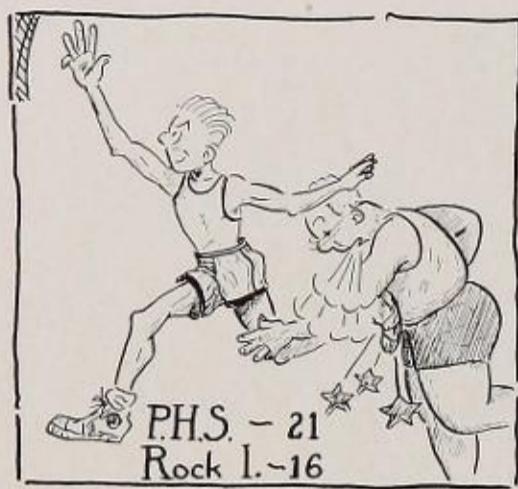
24—"Twas the night before Christmas,
And all through the house,
Not a creature was stirring,
Not even a mouse."

25—Santa Claus arrives in Princeton and leaves all the good little boys and girls a present.

31—New Year's Eve. We watch the New Year in and make all sorts of resolutions. The teachers will be surprised to see how much we've improved. But then final exams are just around the corner. So is prosperity!



THE TIGER



32

JANUARY

- 1—Happy New Year! Tempus has been fugiting and 1932 has arrived. This will be an exciting year with Presidential elections, conventions, and everything.
- 4—Back in the harness once more. Exams loom ahead. We show the usual first-day-after-vacation recitation enthusiasm. We promise to do better tomorrow. But for today, well, we must get rested after vacation.
- 7—The Commercial and Math Departments entertain us with the tricks of their trades while Raggedy Ann dolls dance over the stage. Wonder how Miss Fetherston can be so aged!
- 8—A breath-taking basketball game gives a real victory over Rock Island with the score 21-16 in our favor. Rah! Rah! Princeton!
- 11—Review week begins. Some people study for the first time! Too bad they have to wait until the last minute.
- 12—Luck's against us this time. East Moline wins 19-16. And it was a Big Nine game too.
- 15—Bill Bone with his Boneyard philosophy took our minds off the impending fate of exam week. Our team journeys to Canton. Score favors Canton.
- 18—Pale and serious faces, dark circles under the eyes, and last minute cramming are proof enough that the long expected exams have arrived.
- 19—The suspense was awful. Mendota beat us by one lone point. If that other point could have been on our side of the ledger!
- 22—We meet defeat again. This time at the hands of Geneseo. Score, 27 to 24.
- 25—A new semester arrives upon the scene and gives us all a chance to start over anew.
- 26—We assembled to see sketches of the One Act Plays. We're waiting to see the cannibals in costumes!
- 28—'Lima Beans' wins. The cannibals made us fear for our lives, particularly when Tony got on the rampage.
- 29—We lose another Big Nine game. This time Moline is the victor with a 39-21 score.

FEBRUARY

2—Groundhog day. He didn't get to see his shadow, but we saw a shadow when Kewanee defeated us to the tune of 39-21.

3—"Lima Beans" breaks into fame once more at the Geneseo One-Act Play Contest. Donna and Gorman know their Lima Beans!

9—Pitts Erickson receives enlightenment and finds that Mussolini isn't the Pope.

10—The County Tournament begins at Wyanet. We have a pep meeting to send the boys out to fight for P. H. S.

11—"Big Rich" entertains us. How he can spit! He invites us to visit his home on the river and drop in! Princeton wins their first round in the Tournament by defeating Cherry.

15—Max H.: I think the driver in that car is one of my teachers.

Friend: What makes you think that?

Max: Well, she is just as stubborn about letting me pass.

16—Mr. O'Conner, of Monmouth, gives us a combination talk on Washington and Lincoln and shows some pictures connected with Washington's life.

19—We win a Big Nine game! Princeton 22, Monmouth 18. Hooray for our side! Guess we will make a rating in the Big Nine now.

23—The American History Department observes the Washington Bi-centennial Celebration. Showed George and Martha in the midst of modern wonders.

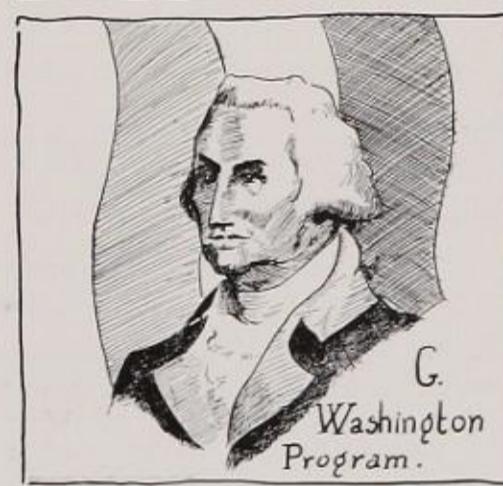
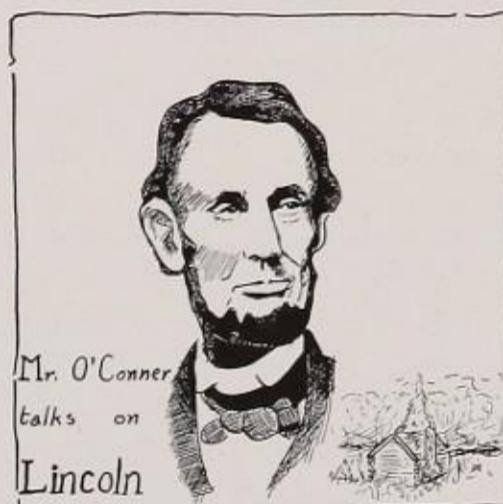
We play LaSalle.

24—Blue Beard reigns supreme in French Club as the new members are initiated. Poor members! Blue Beard surely is a vicious individual.

Two of our Faculty are on the sick list. We must be terribly cruel to lay them out in such fashion.

26—Once again Kewanee defeats us. Worse luck!

The Senior Carnival is in full sway. We didn't know that Eppet could be such a good looking lady. And what a style show! From way back when to now. The girls are all glad that Dame Fashion has changed some of her old ideas.



MARCH

1—We play LaSalle and they win.

4—The debate season is on. We break even and win second in the Triangle. Kewanee defeats us but we beat Geneseo.

7—The Home Ec girls entertain their parents as the children model the dresses made by the girls.

The Seniors decide on their Commencement invitations.

8—The District Tournament. Sheffield wins by defeating DePue. Third place goes to LaMoille and fourth 12 to Wyanet. We yell ourselves hoarse.

9—We have our full share of assemblies today. The Seniors in the Civics classes listen to Dr. Gunning describe the working of the State Legislature. And all of us heard Miss Herma Clark tell of her newspaper work, "When Chicago Was Young."

11—The Seniors meet to choose their Commencement orators. Commencement is assured now. Edward Grampp and John Scott are the victims.

14—The Woman's Club share their meeting with us in honor of Washington, Goethe, and Haydn.

15—We win our first debate in the sub-district by defeating Spring Valley.

16—More debate. This time Spring Valley wins.

17—Teachers' Institute. No school. But the teachers fill 18 their brains with new ideas to inflict upon the pupils.

21—Spring Vacation begins. The weatherman got his dates mixed and thought it was winter.

28—School begins again and with it comes Spring.

29—A trio from Mt. Morris College gives a very enjoyable program.

30—The Welch Imperial singers offer another real treat to the music lovers of Princeton.

APRIL

1—We debate again. This time with our neighbor to the East, DePue. Yes, and we win. And it's not an April Fool joke either.

5—The entertainers fail to arrive, so we have two assemblies when they do come. Jerry's swagger reminded us of various people.

6—We have a program by the State Health Department. We got lots done in the study line.



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11—Mr. Scoville gives us a very interesting talk in assembly on "What Are You Worth?"

12—The Civics classes hold elections. More fun.

15—Everything gives way to Open House. The townspeople look us over and decide we're a pretty fair group after all.

18—Mr. Flude spends the day with us and gives us interesting talks on the Orient.

19—Lyle Borop wins third place in the Future Farmers' Oration Contest.

22—We defeat Mendota in track by one point.

29—The Senior Class Play, "Captain Applejack," goes over big.

30—The Sophomore Banquet is the event of the day.

MAY

6—The Zone Contest at Malden. Princeton makes a good showing.

12—Home Economics Dept. gives a Tea to the Faculty.

12—The Future Farmers have a Pest Party.

17—The County Track and Literary Meets are held at 18 Princeton.

20—The Junior-Senior Prom at the Country Club.

JUNE

1—The Seniors revel in Exams!

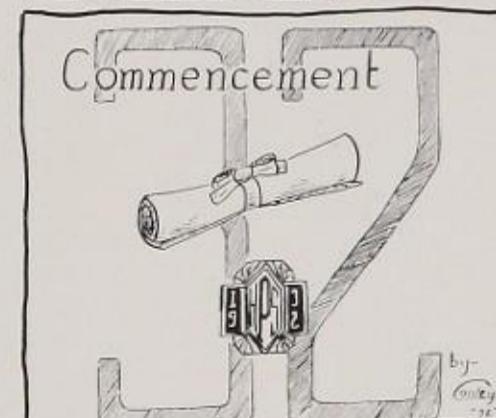
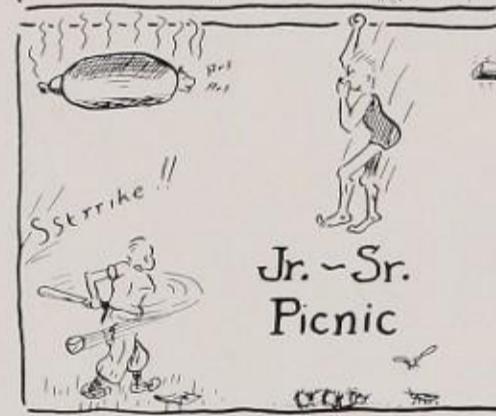
2—Seniors' examinations.

3—The Juniors and Seniors frolic at their annual picnic while the underclassmen prepare for finals.

5—Baccalaureate Service at the High School.

6—The rest of the school suffer with exams while the 9 Seniors prepare for Graduation.

10—The Sixty-third Annual Commencement in P. H. S. Orations were given by the Espel twins, Ina and Iva, Richard Widmark, Mary Winifred Skinner, John Scott, and Edward Grampp.



THE TIGER



Senior Class Will

We, the Senior Class of Princeton Township High School, of the City of Princeton, County of Bureau, State of Illinois, realizing that the time is drawing near when the pupils of Princeton High School will no longer have the privilege of looking upon our smiling countenances, do hereby will and bequeath the following:

To THE FACULTY—We bequeath the incoming Class, hoping that in the next four year they will prove to be as brilliant and as delightful as those who graduate this June.

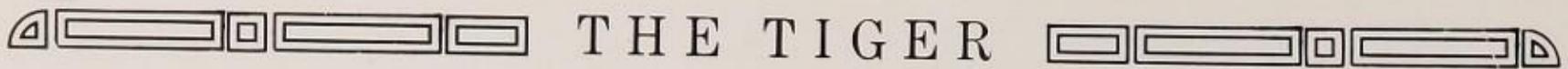
To THE JUNIORS—We bequeath our places in assembly, hoping they will fill them with as much dignity as this year's Class.

To THE SOPHOMORES—We bequeath our ability to get along with the teachers.

To THE FRESHIES—We bequeath three more years of hard work, our studious habits, common sense, and good judgment in all matters.

*THOUGH WE HATE TO DO IT, WE, AS INDIVIDUALS, WILL
AND BEQUEATH THE FOLLOWING:*

- I, Dick Widmark, my cleverness, to Robert Wolfe.
- I, John Scott, my ability to debate, to Margaret Maycox.
- I, Violet Beezley, my tinkling laughter, to Pansy Bales.
- I, Arthur Rapp, my ability to blush at the slightest provocation, to Robert Keeler.
- I, Evelyn Alpaugh, my great stature, to Marion Powell.
- I, Alice Anderson, my noisiness, to Ronald Halberg.
- I, Audrey Anderson, my interest in the Annual, to "Copedelia, the coffin vendor's daughter."
- I, Iona Baldwin, my interest in Home Economics, to Vivian King.
- I, Tom Best, my musical ability and clownishness, to Alvin Uttenhove.
- I, Jean Blackburn, my great interest in scholastic activities, to Pauline Kopp.
- I, Joe Brown, my shiekishness, to Virden Transou.
- I, Arthur Bryant, my ability to serve on Eats Committees, to John Nelson.
- I, Kent Cain, my ability to make girls look at me, to Leland Sales.
- I, Albert Carlson, my ability to conduct an orchestra, to Dick Sapp.
- I, Gail Castner, my good nature, to Marjorie Vance.
- I, Leta Charles, my studious habits, to Arlos Hubbard.
- I, Freemont Conant, my voice, to Johnny Becker.
- I, Alice Louise Conkling, my ability to listen, to Pitts Erickson.
- I, Max Conley, my talent for cartooning, to Cozette Abel.
- We, Robert Coulter and Aldean Duffield, our light and tinkling strides, to Gilbert Peterson and Roger Eickmeier.



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I, Gertrude Delcourt, my numerous tardy slips, to Roger Abel.
I, Dorothy Eckstrom, my position as candy vendor, to Carolyn Eckhoff.
I, Searle Engstrom, my ability to see a joke, to Edna Doty.
I, Deah Enyart, my position on the debate team, to Elaine Russman.
We, Ina and Iva Espel, our many A's and AA's, to someone who needs them.
I, Gilbert Frasier, my talent for making grotesque faces, to Gorman Wedding.
I, Marianne Fullick, my job as illustrator for other people's notebooks, to June Bouxsein.
I, Edward Grampp, my parts in many plays, to Ann Nichols.
I, Bruce Grant, my few remaining sweaters, to Dorothy Yates.
I, Robert Gray, the C's on my report card, to some incoming Freshman.
I, Robert Haberkorn, my candy patronage, to Loretta Swanson.
I, Margaret Hamm, my ability to take part in quarrels, to Edith Sledgister.
I, Lily Hansen, my studious ability, to Clark Anderson.
I, Anne Haurberg, my interest in the G. A. A., to Doris Sloan.
I, Helen Louise Hewitt, my agile pen, to my sister Phyllis.
I, Dorothy Hock, my many good typing tests, to Dorothy Chelin.
I, Helen Hotaling, the right to sleep in assembly, to Max Anderson.
I, Roger Hoover, my ability to get things in on time, to somebody who doesn't.
I, Minna Lue Hoover, my numerous nicknames, to Celia Maynard.
I, Max Huffstodt, my quietness in class, to Joe Moran.
I, William Isaeson, my ability to go around corners on two wheels, to Clifford Burkman.
I, Clarence Jeffers, my permanent wave, to Glenn Newberry.
I, Wanda Jeffers, my fluency in oral reports, to Ralph Hayes.
I, Myron Johnson, my many learned views as a behaviorist, to the incoming Psychology Class.
I, Dorothy Kopp, my interest in dramatics, to Carol Minier.
I, Ruth Krone, my English notebook, to some struggling Junior.
I, Doris Lund, my neatness in writing up experiments, to the Jeffers twins.
I, Doris Lenihan, my belief in various freckle creams, to Anne Miller.
I, George Lund, the right to be Mr. Kelsey's right-hand man at selling athletic tickets, to George Leid.
I, Robert Lundberg, my popularity with the girls, to Bob Aldrich.
I, Peggy Maidment, my delightful French accent, to Adrian Brooks.
I, Isabelle Mear, my place as a taxi driver, to Bob Bradley.
I, Eddie Mercer, my feats on the motorcycle, to those who want to risk their life.
I, Kathleen Moran, my interest in cosmetics, to Grace Rieker.
I, Glenn Mulvane, my boisterousness, to Melvin Enyart.
I, Joe Nelson, my sleepy appearance, to Lawrence Ruberg.
I, Lyle Nelson, my place on the football team, to Carmi Miller.



THE TIGER

I, Ruth Nelson, my place in the Dover Bus, to Margaret Conant.
I, Helen Ohlson, my ability to look pleasant, to Lily Morse.
I, Richard Ohlson, my interest in a certain member of the Sophomore Class, to some sheik as good as I am.
I, Ralph Odell, the gas I used driving to Manlius, to Hazel Staples.
I, Martin Olson, my place in the rumble seat, to Jack Bryant.
I, Maurice Parker, my interest in the town of Bradford, to Chuck Kasbeer.
I, Lester Peterson, my green ink and my varied-colored car, to Ned Cater.
I, Viola Pierson, my position as typist for the Tiger, to Lois Wingate.
I, Roy Piper, my love for school, to Harlan Anderson.
I, Lois Prince, my speed in Shorthand, to Doris Marine.
I, Lyle Puttcamp, my ability to sprint, to Bert Middaugh.
I, Charles Quickle, my politeness, to Pauline Kopp.
I, Mary Russell, my droll humor, to Eilleen Staples.
I, Robert Russman, my rank in the boys' chorus, to anyone who wants it.
I, Paul Schulhof, my job as gum distributor, to anyone who can afford it.
I, Dorothy Scott, my dramatic ability, to Eleanor Puttcamp.
I, John Scott, my interest in extra-curricular activities, to Bernice Dyke.
I, Dorothy Simon, my quarantine for the measles, to Arlene Reuter.
I, Ruth Simon, my gift of gab, to Dale Vickrey.
I, Mary Winifred Skinner, my musical talent, to Helen Fenwick.
I, Earl Slutz, my interest in the Future Farmers, to Leo Evelhock.
I, Dean Townsend, my notes from a member of the Junior Class, to those who are interested.

Gum Chewing

Four score and seven weeks ago our teachers brought forth upon this school a new rule, conceived in anything but liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that we must not chew gum in school. Now we are in a great uproar, testing whether that rule or any other rule so conceived and so dedicated can long endure. It is hardly fitting and proper that we should do this, but we cannot concentrate, we cannot calculate, we cannot percolate without our gum. Therefore, teachers, look out that this institution of the students does not perish from Princeton.

THE TIGER



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Jokes



Miss Sloan: "What keeps the moon from falling?"

Bright Student: "It must be the beams."

Miss Malsbury: "Give an example of period furniture."

Geraldine Jacobs: "Well, I should say an electric chair, because it ends a sentence."

Max Huffstodt: "I like to be alone with my thoughts."

Lester Peterson: "Don't you get lonesome sometimes?"

Mr. Nance: "What do you think of our gym?"

Visitor: "It certainly is wonderful. And now would you show me through the curriculum? They say you have a fine one here."

Tom B.: "That's a good-looking car. What is the most you ever got out of it?"

Lester P.: "Eight times in one mile."

Landlord: "This room was formerly occupied by a chemist. He invented a new explosive."

Prospective Roomer: "I suppose those spots on the wall are the results of his experiments."

Landlord: "Well, indirectly, yes. Those are the chemist."

"Your teeth are like the stars," he said,
And pressed her hand, so white.
And he spoke true, for, like the stars,
Her teeth come out at night.

Miss Finfgeld: "Johnny, I want you to give me a sentence employing 'piquaney.' "

Johnny Becker (after a moment's thought): "Ma asked me this morning if Pa was 'wake yet, an' I said, 'I'll take a peek an' see."

Miss Prince: "What shall I do for water on the knee?"

Kathleen M.: "Wear Pumps."

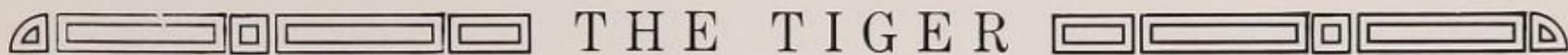
Mr. Moser had written 92.7 on the blackboard, and to show the effect of multiplying by ten had rubbed out the decimal point. He then turned to the class and said:

"Now, Charles, where is the decimal point?"

"On the eraser," replied Charles, without hesitation.

Mr. Lowry: "Now we will play for our second number, 'The Star Spangled Banner.'"

Donald Kelley (whispering nervously to boy next to him): "Gosh, I just played that."



THE TIGER

C. Miller (gazing at report card): "Well, now, I'm as famous as George Washington."
Conant: "How come?"

C. Miller: "I went down in history today."

"Do you wish the court to understand that you refuse to renew your dog license?"

"Yes, your Honor, but—"

"We want no 'buts.' You will be fined. You know the license has expired."

"Yes, and so has the dog."

Miss Graham: "An anonymous person is one who does not wish to be known. Who is that laughing?"

Robert Keeler: "An anonymous person."

Maurice Parker came to Chemistry class fifteen minutes late. A general shuffling of feet accompanied him to his seat."

Mr. Mortensen: "Well, really after all, there seems to be much ado about nothing."

Miss Stetson: "Is it essential that we breathe?"

Dorothy Porter: "No, it's air."

Book Agent (to farmer): "You ought to buy an encyclopedia, now that your boy is going to school."

Farmer: "Not on your life. Let him walk as I did."

"I think she is as pretty as she can be."

"Most girls are."

"My ancestors came over on the Mayflower."

"It's lucky for you they did, for immigration laws are much stricter now."

An Irishman and his wife were at the theatre for the first time. The wife noticed the word, "asbestos," on the curtain.

"Faith, Pat, and what does 'asbestos' on the curtain mean?"

"Be still, Mag. Don't show your ignorance, It's the Latin word for welcome."

Miss Palmer: "What is the most important river in Africa?"

Glen K.; "The Nile."

Miss Palmer: "And what are its tributaries?"

Glen K.: "The Juveniles."

Loretta: "Do you drive your car to school every morning?"

Iona: "No, I coax it."

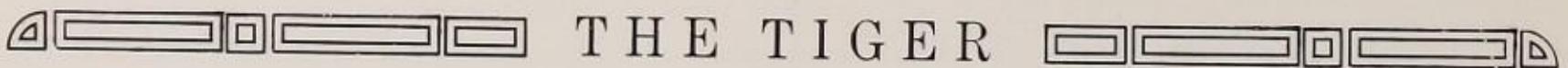
The father of one of our Freshmen went out to the barn one evening and found his son astride one of the horses. The boy had a tablet and pencil in his hand.

"Why, Readus," he exclaimed, "what are you doing?"

"Writing a composition," was the reply.

"Well, why don't you go in the house?"

"Because Miss Fetherston told me to write a composition on a horse."



THE TIGER

P. H. S. Boners

Richelieu attracted the attention of the Queen when he gave his first squeak in the assembly.

Steam is water crazy with the heat.

There was little formality among the fist gatherings.

There are three kinds of angels. They are: right, acute, and oblique.

Gothic architecture was noted for its large widows, which were stained in many collars.

Nero played like an angle on his harp while Rome burned.

Brutus—fried of Caesar.

Nitrates are the rates used at night. They are cheaper than day rates.

Edward III.'s wife made woolen goods and originated Flanders Field.

Capernicus invented the sun as the center of the universe and thereby aided science.

The assessor is the person who tells the value of property.

In Sparta all boys who were not able to walk were killed when born.

A good way to memorize poetry is to say it after we go to sleep at night.

Marco Polo was important because of his tails.

The lowest form of animal is called a nomad and lives in a cell.

In 1620 the Pilgrims crossed the ocean and thus was known as "Pilgrim's Progress."

A caterpillar is an upholstered worm.

THE TIGER

Autographs

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